THE MAID OF THE MOON

BOOK BY

GEORGE MORRIS

MUSIC BY

PAUL J. MORRIS

Produced by

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS UNION

THE MAID OF THE MOON

A COMIC OPERA
IN
TWO ACTS

BOOK BY
GEORGE MORRIS

MUSIC BY
PAUL J. MORRIS

PRODUCED BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS UNION
JAN. 13 AND 14 1911.
Under the direction of
PAUL J. MORRIS.

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PAUL J. MORRIS

The Cast

D. T. Howard - *Uncle Sam Jones*
E. R. Evans - *Bill, his nephew. Conned out of Illinois*
L. M. Decker - *Prep.*
A. E. Baradell - *Louis Clifford, Captain of Luny College Foot ball team.*
J. A. Noon - *The Maid of the Moon*
A. C. Kelly - *Mable Jones engaged to Bill.*
D. Lazear - *Madge. A Lady Politician*
J. E. Burns - *Harry the Janitor.*
J. W. Hart - *A Captain in the Army* / *The Old Clothes Man*
H. S. Fielder - *A noted man*
L. E. Frailey - *An enthusiastic student*

The Chorus

R. R. Reinert
H. C. Eales
L. M. Russell
J. H. Griftner
D. K. Groves
L. T. Gregory
H. H. Hendricks
C. W. Smith
C. V. Thayer
K. Bannister
C. J. Larkin
E. Stiles
E. T. Hillman
C. K. Hewes
H. H. Haynes
K. V. Root
H. K. Sturtz
H. A. Barnard
T. A. Merrill
C. V. Winn
R. H. Albin
D. Lazear
H. Kemman
G. L. Morrill
G. B. Richmond
R. P. Garrison
R. J. Jordan
W. Kneisley
C. Bremner
S. Walters
J. Goldberg
L. Lazear

The Orchestra

H. H. Busse
B. S. Hite
R. Feutz
R. M. Parks
M. K. Miller
W. C. Turner
F. M. Lescher
E. C. Young
L. Riley
C. H. Threlkeld
J. H. Schroeder
V. Mathis
A. W. Ames
A. B. Dunham

The Staff

Paul J. Morris *Director*
T. M. Harmon *Business Manager*
L. M. Apgar *Property Man*
Leo G. Hanna *Stage Manager*
F. Baer *Press Agent*

Music published by J. L. Darden & Co., Music Publishers, Memphis, Tenn.

M1504

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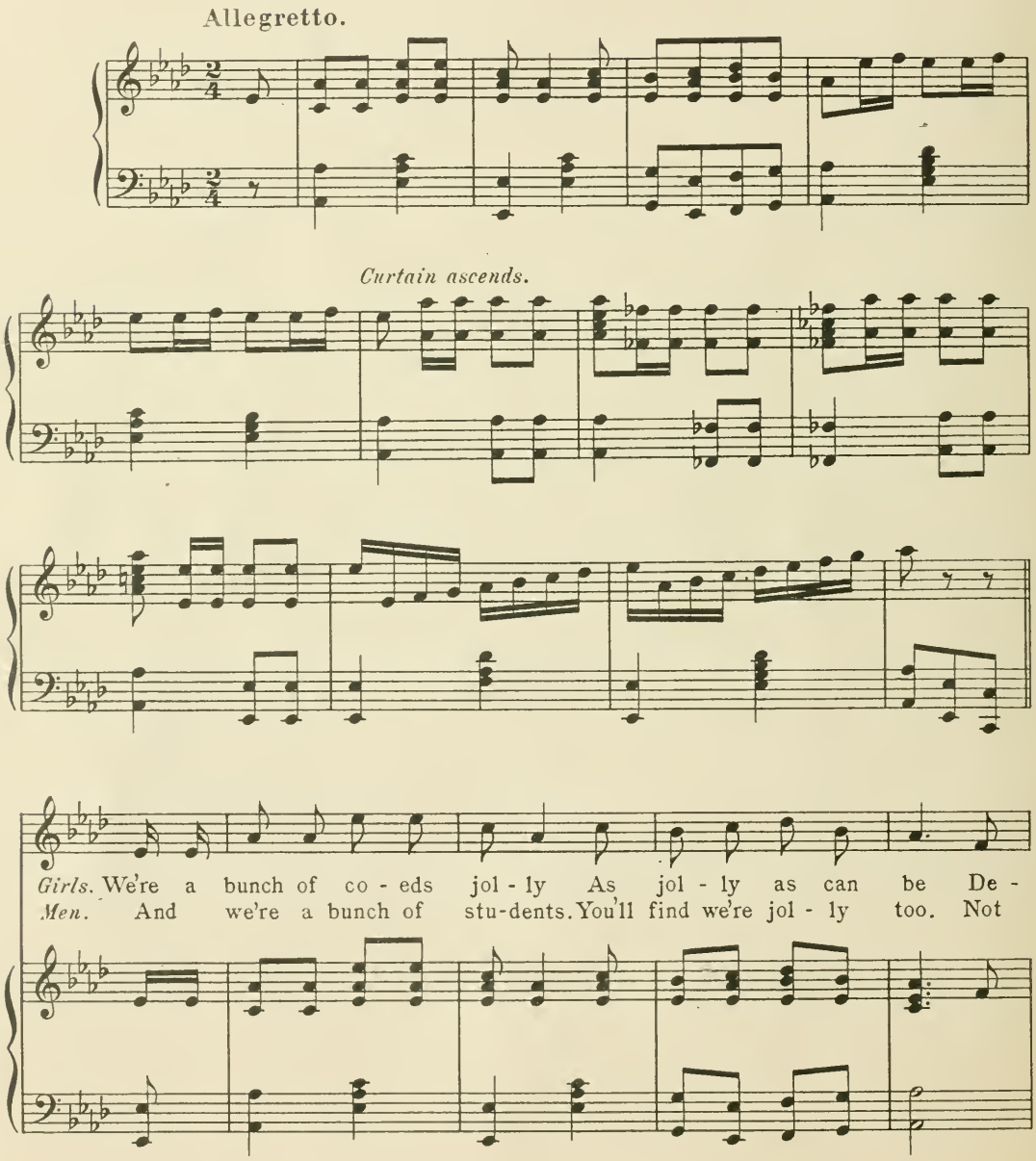
OPENING CHORUS

Birds Of A Feather

Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

Act I.

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.



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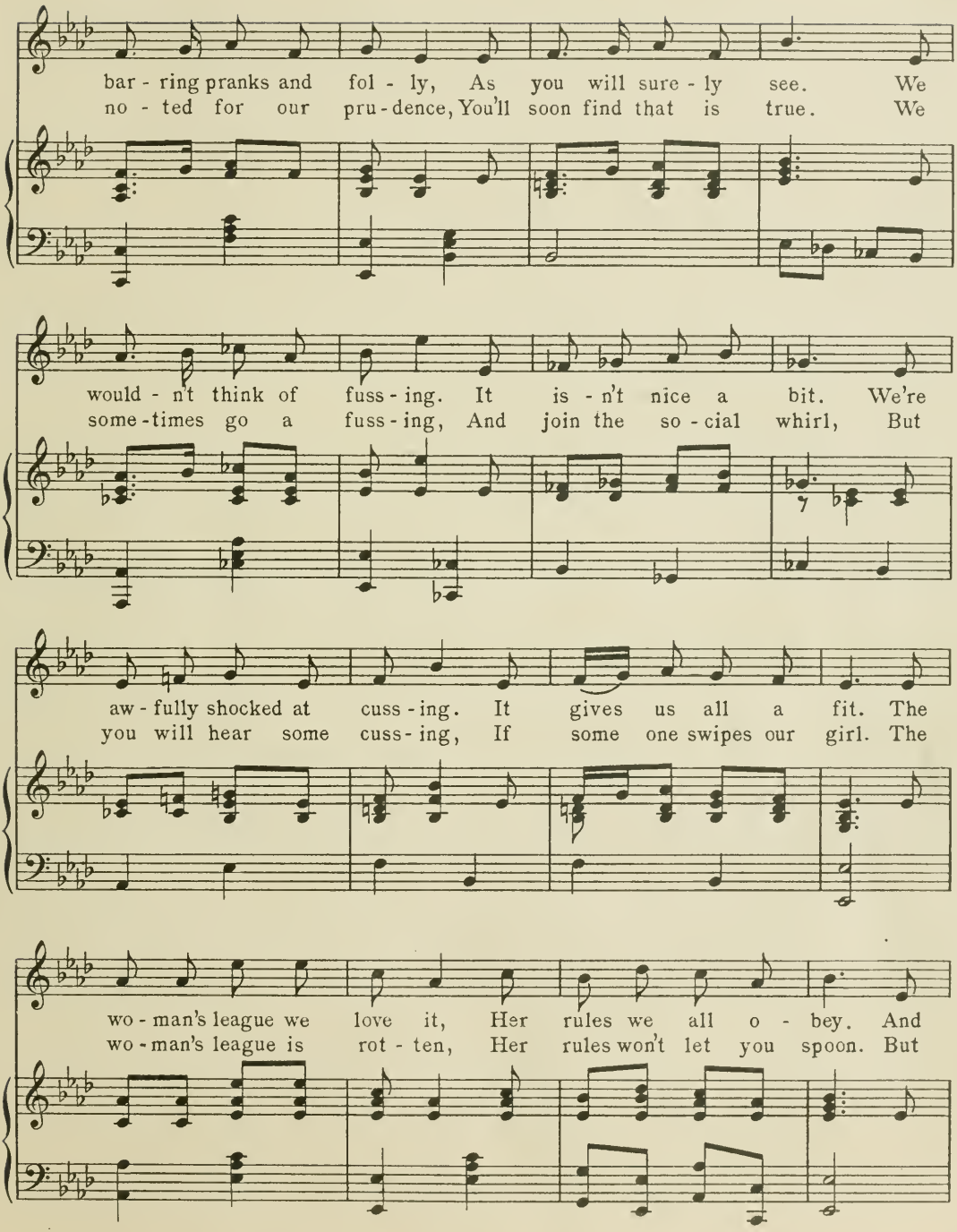
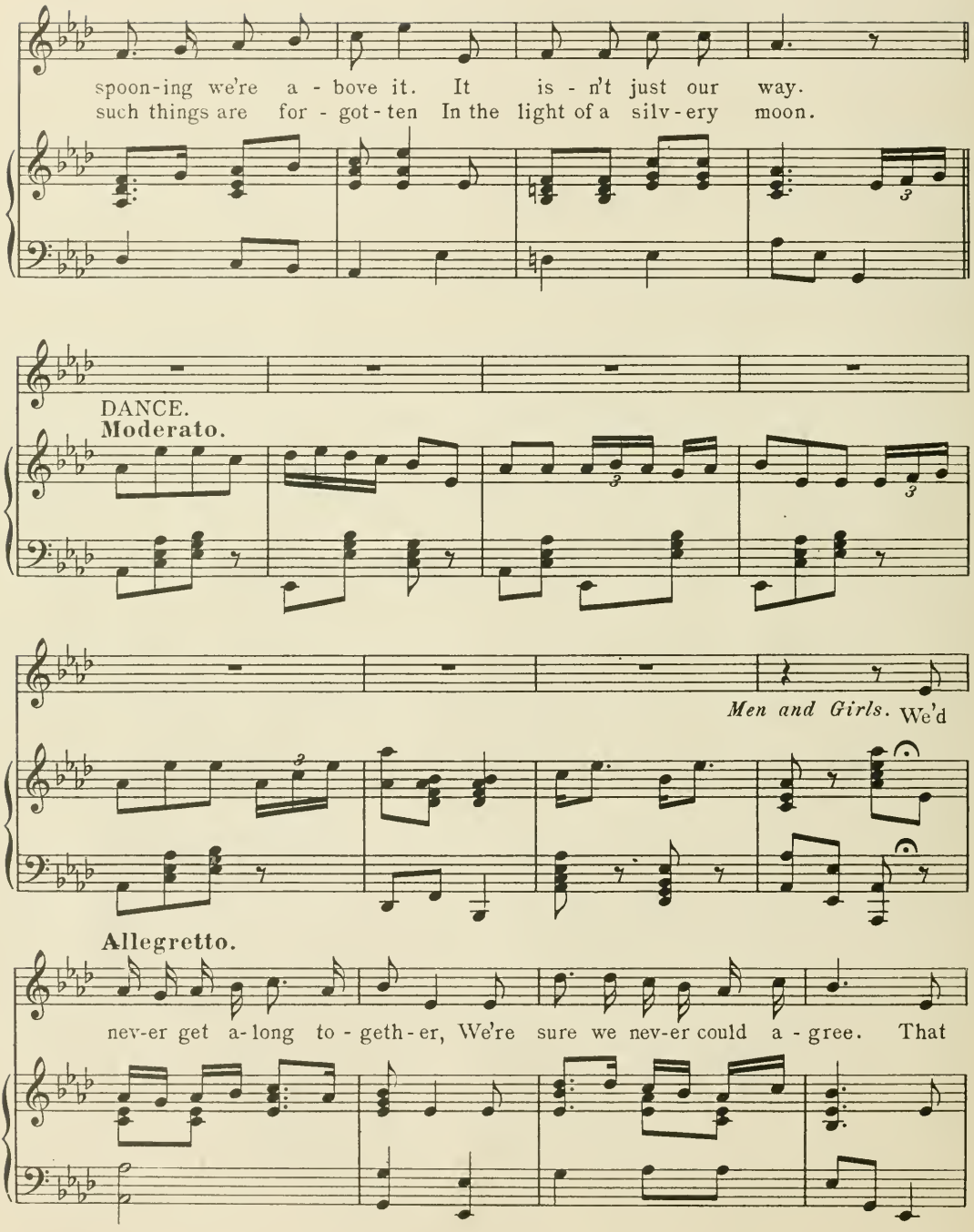
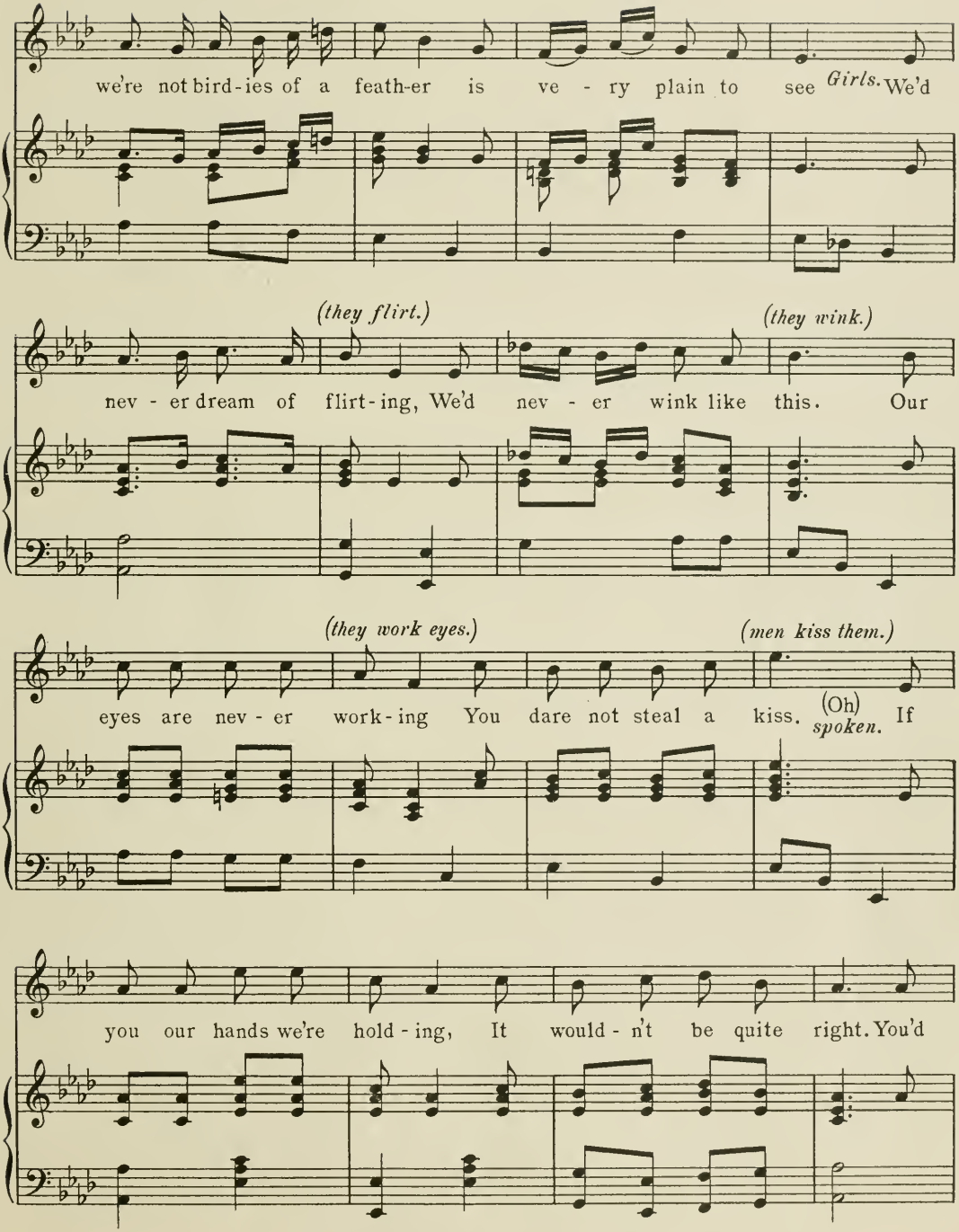
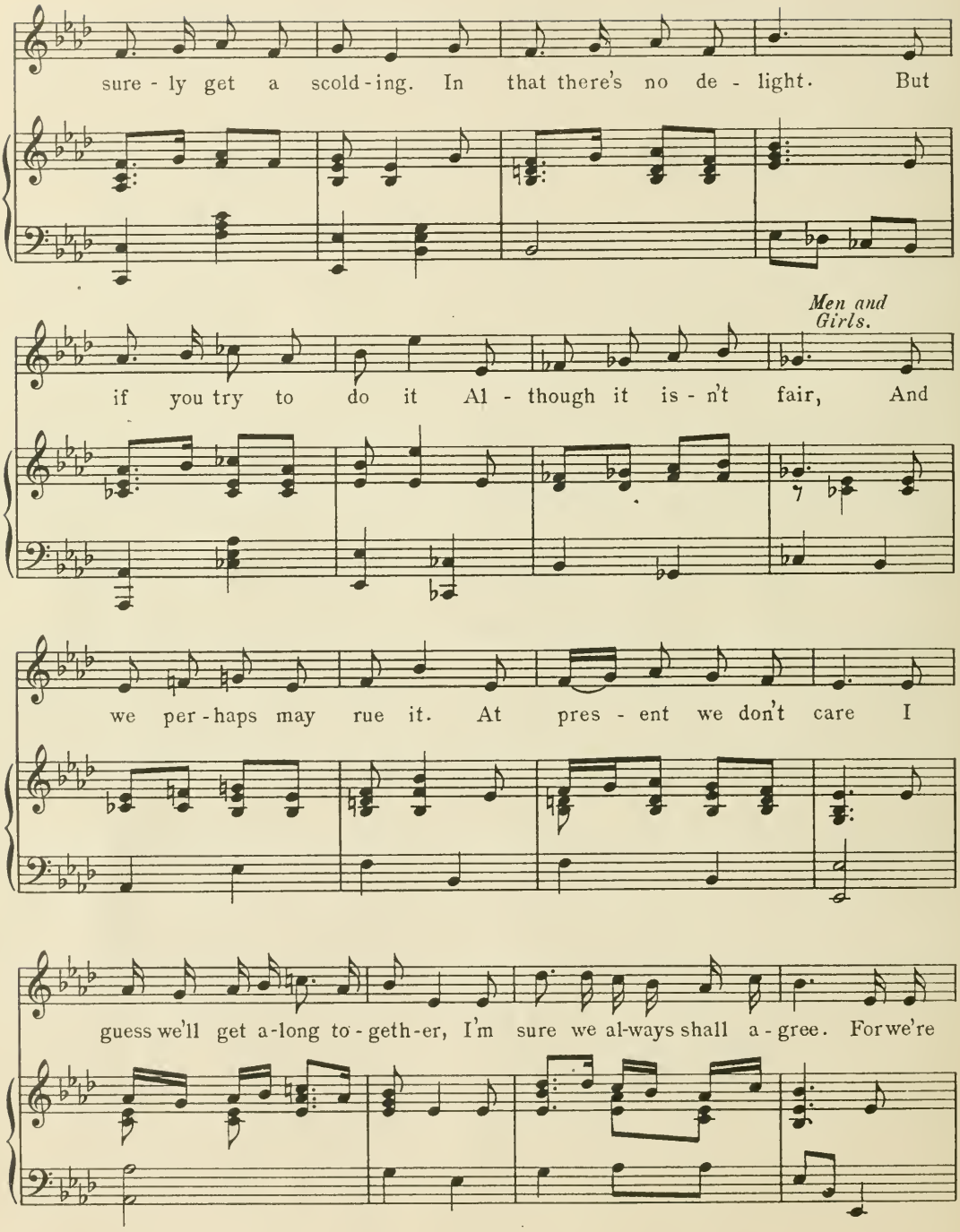
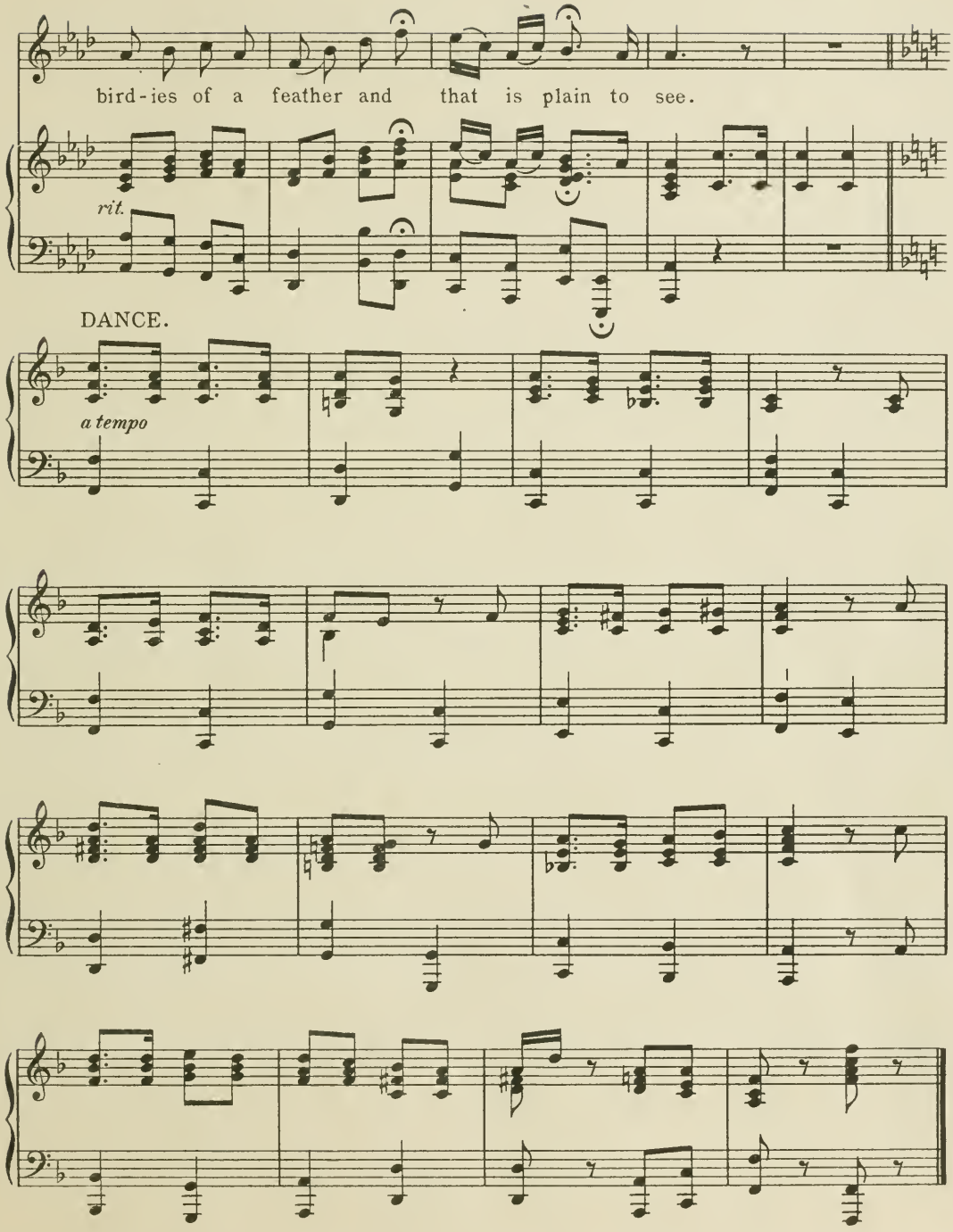

bar - ring pranks and fol - ly, As you will sure - ly see. We
no - ted for our pru - dence, You'll soon find that is true. We
would - n't think of fuss - ing. It is - n't nice a bit. We're
some - times go a fuss - ing, And join the so - cial whirl, But
aw - fully shocked at cuss - ing. It gives us all a fit. The
you will hear some cuss - ing, If some one swipes our girl. The
wo - man's league we love it, Her rules we all o - bey. And
wo - man's league is rot - ten, Her rules won't let you spoon. But


spoon-ing we're a - bove it. It is - n't just our way.
such things are for - got - ten In the light of a silv - ery moon.
DANCE.
Moderato.
Men and Girls. We'd
Allegretto.
nev-er get a-long to - geth - er, We're sure we nev-er could a - gree. That

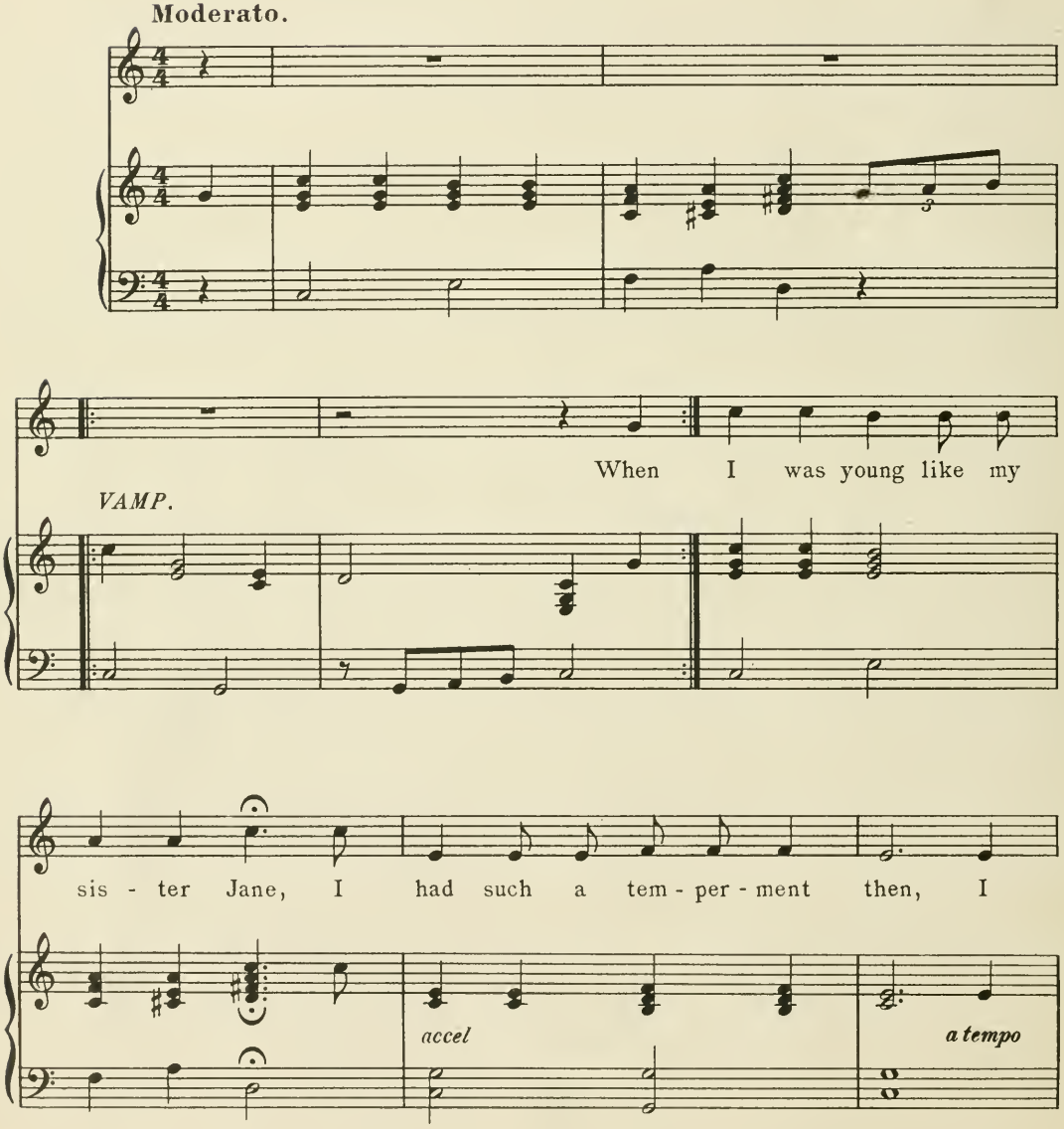

we're not bird-ies of a feath-er is ve - ry plain to see Girls. We'd
(they flirt.)
nev - er dream of flirt-ing, We'd nev - er
(they wink.)
wink like this. Our
(they work eyes.)
eyes are nev - er work-ing You dare not steal a
(men kiss them.)
kiss. (Oh) spoken. If
you our hands we're hold - ing, It would - n't be quite right. You'd

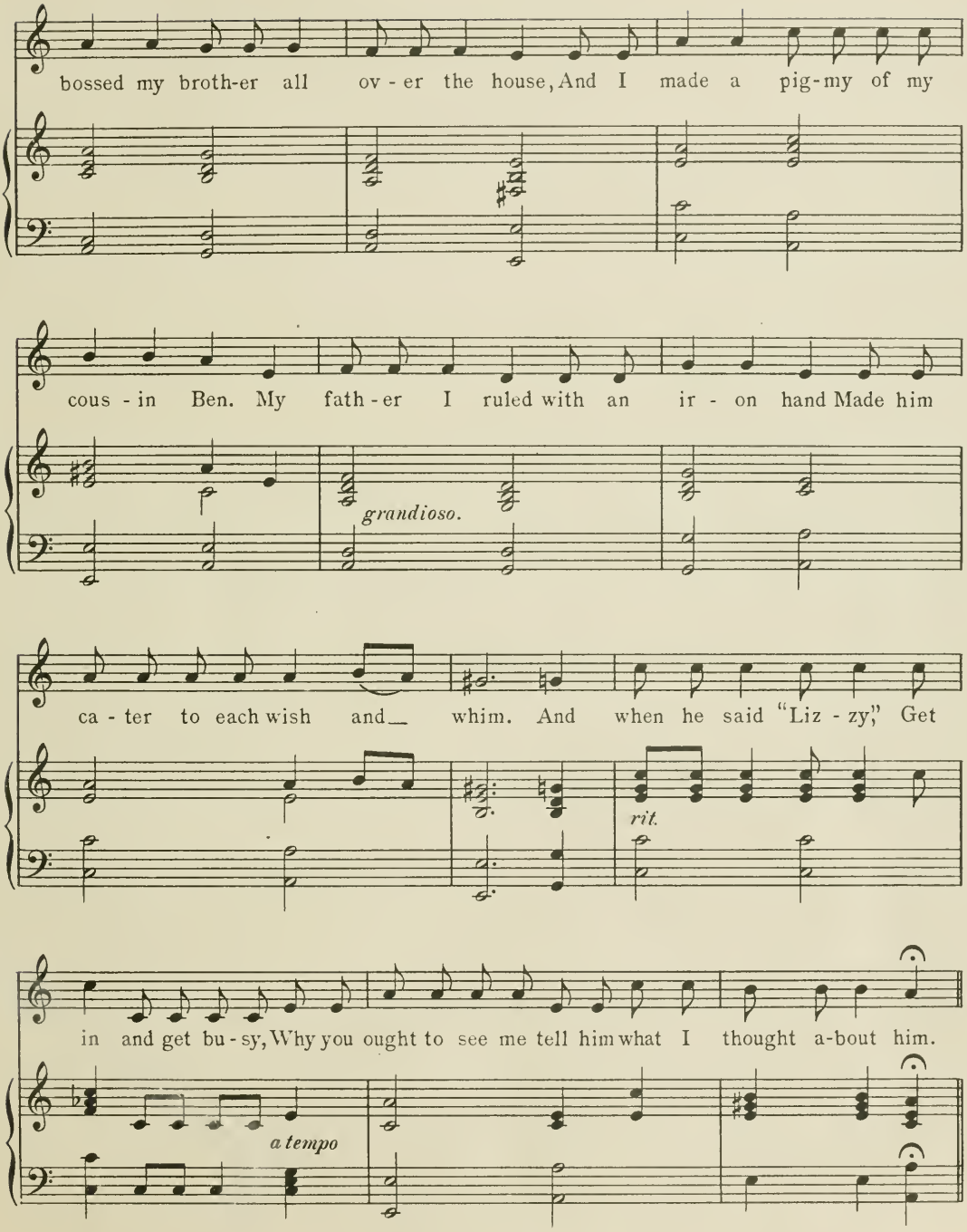

sure - ly get a scold - ing. In that there's no de - light. But
Men and Girls.
if you try to do it Al - though it is - n't fair, And
we per - haps may rue it. At pres - ent we don't care I
guess we'll get a - long to - geth - er, I'm sure we al-ways shall a - gree. For we're


bird-ies of a feather and that is plain to see.
rit.
DANCE.
a tempo

The Lady Suffragette

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.





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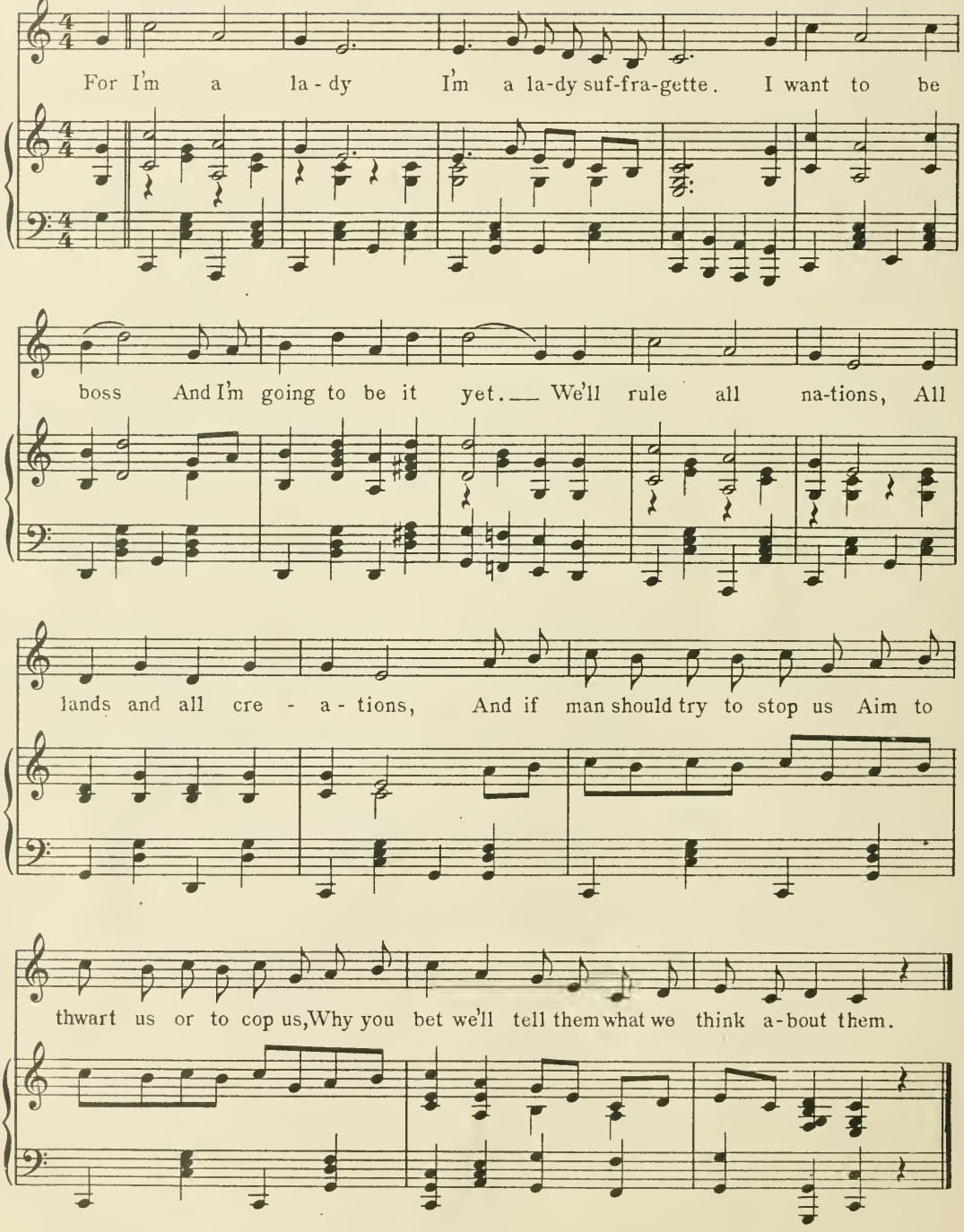
CHORUS.

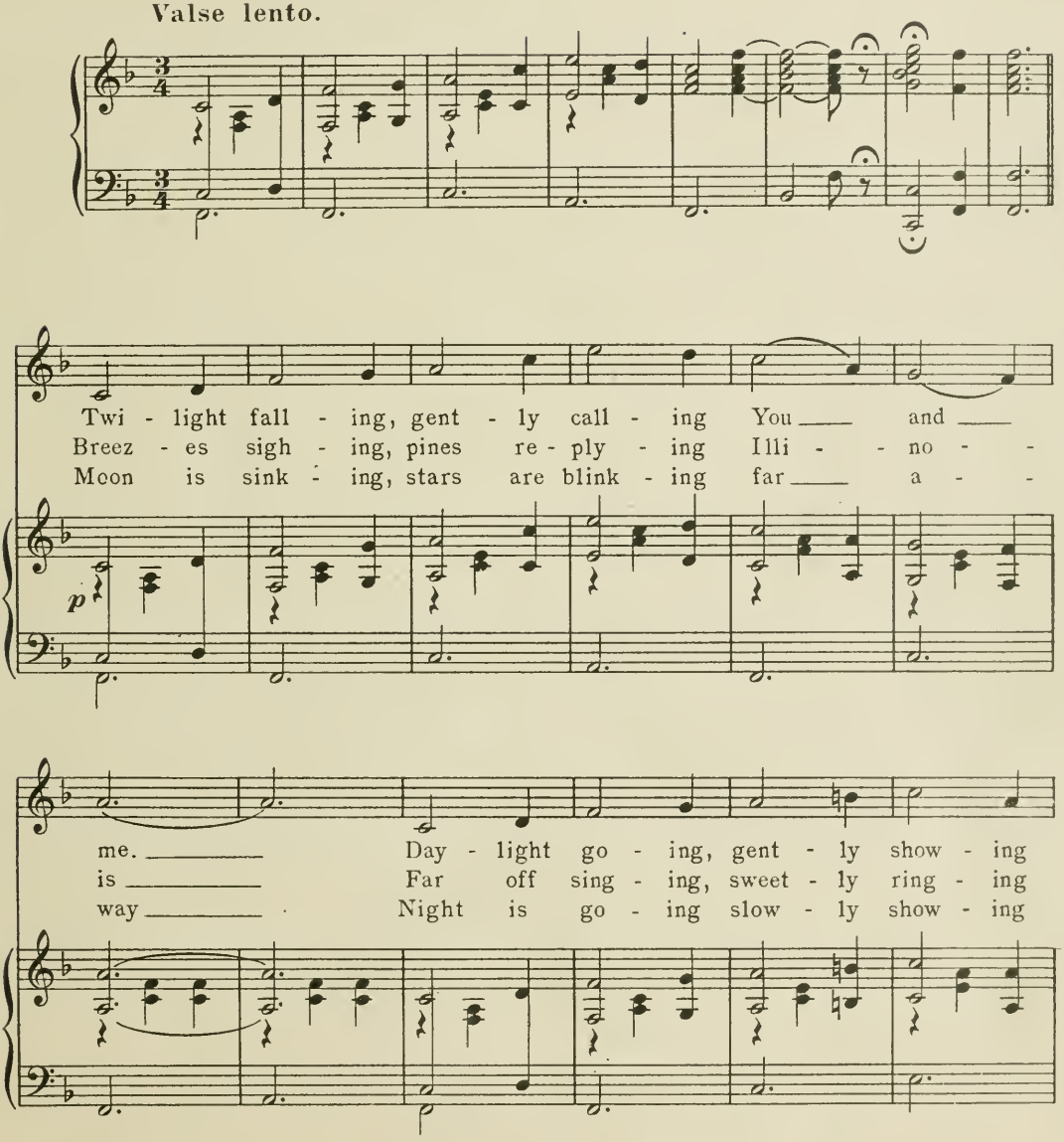
Allegretto.

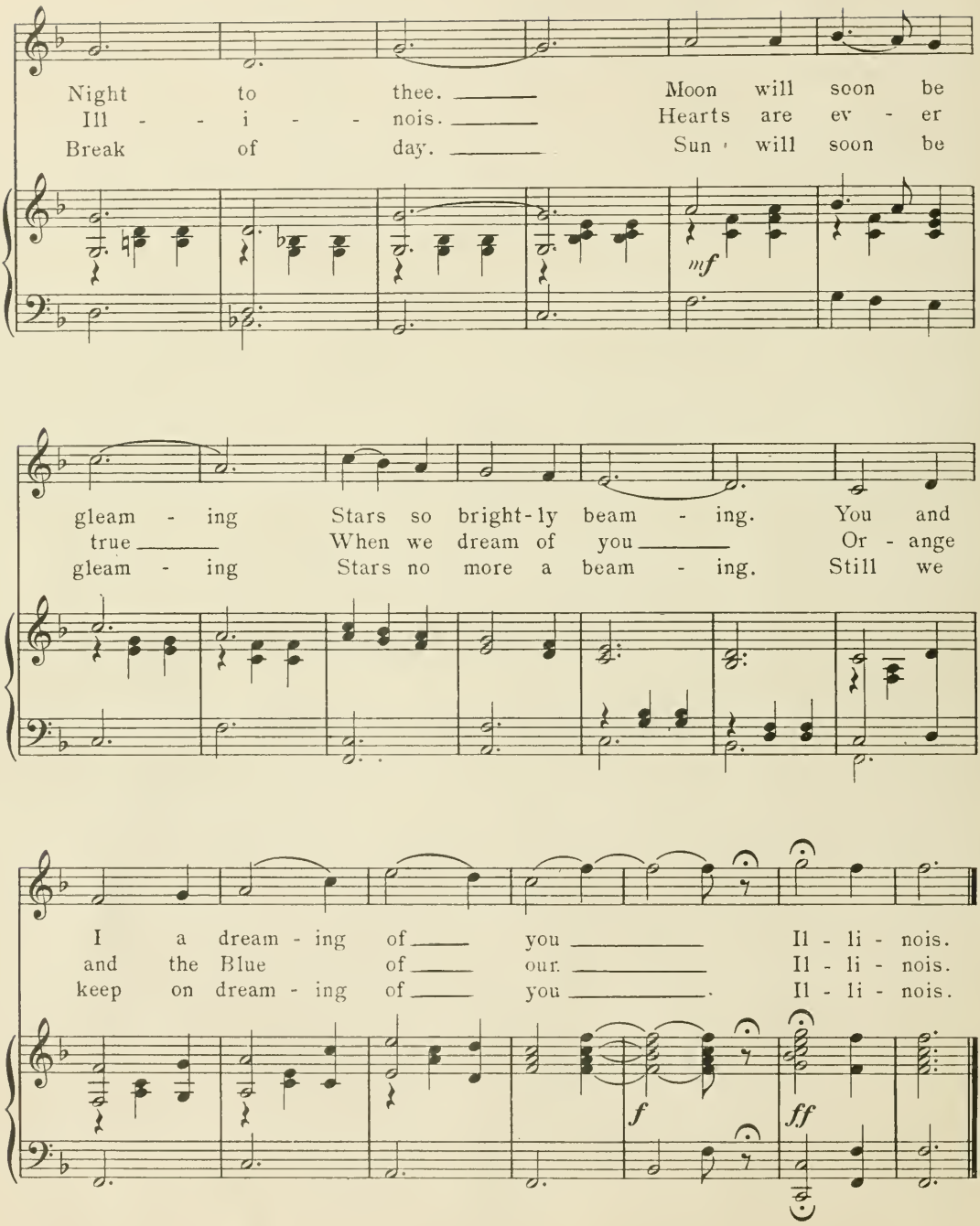


Dreaming Of Illinois

Words by
GEORGE MORRIS.

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.



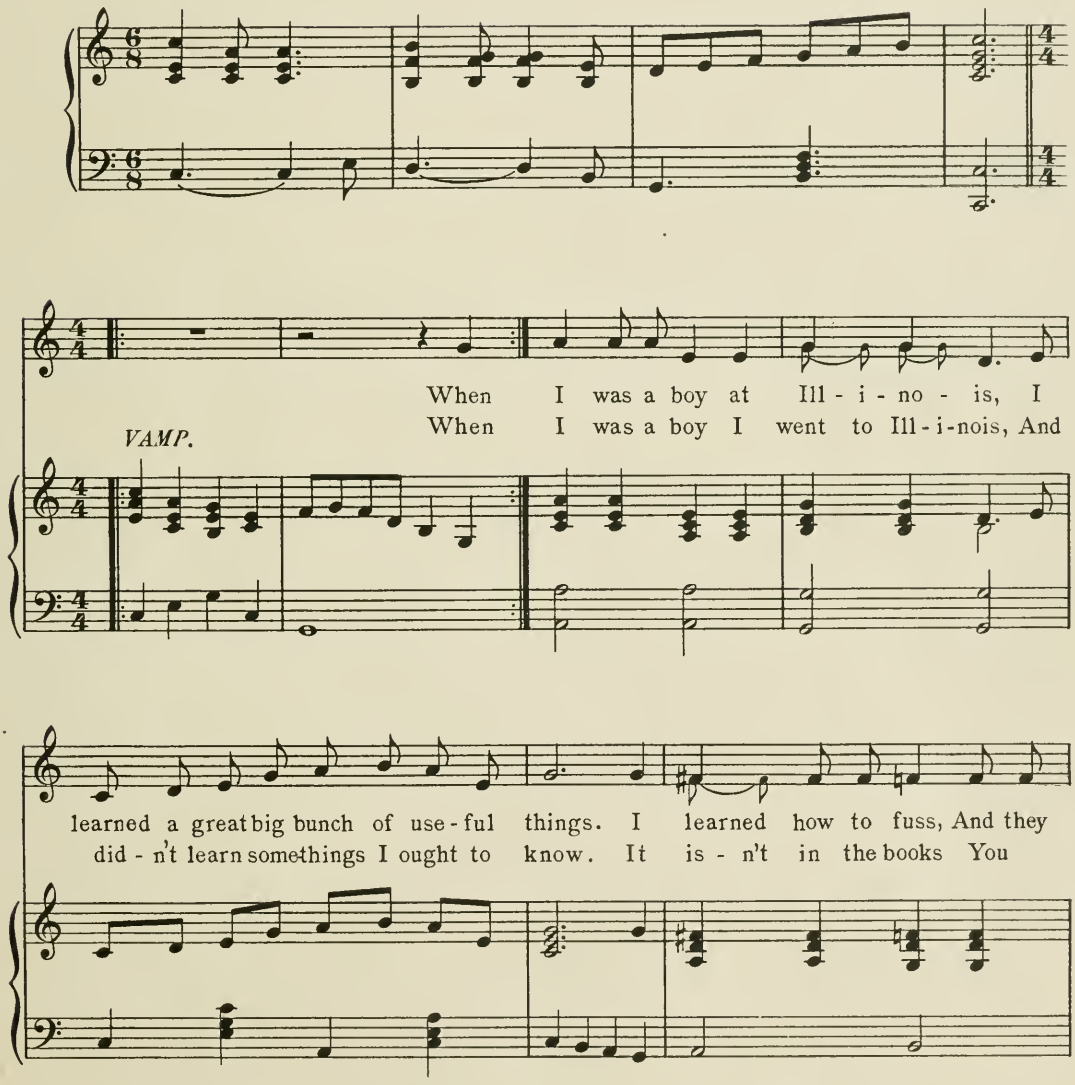

Night to thee. Moon will soon be
Ill - - i - - nois. Hearts are ev - er
Break of day. Sun will soon be
mf
gleam - ing Stars so bright-ly beam - ing. You and
true When we dream of you Or - ange
gleam - ing Stars no more a beam - ing. Still we
I a dream - ing of you Il - li - nois.
and the Blue of our. Il - li - nois.
keep on dream - ing of you Il - li - nois.
f
ff

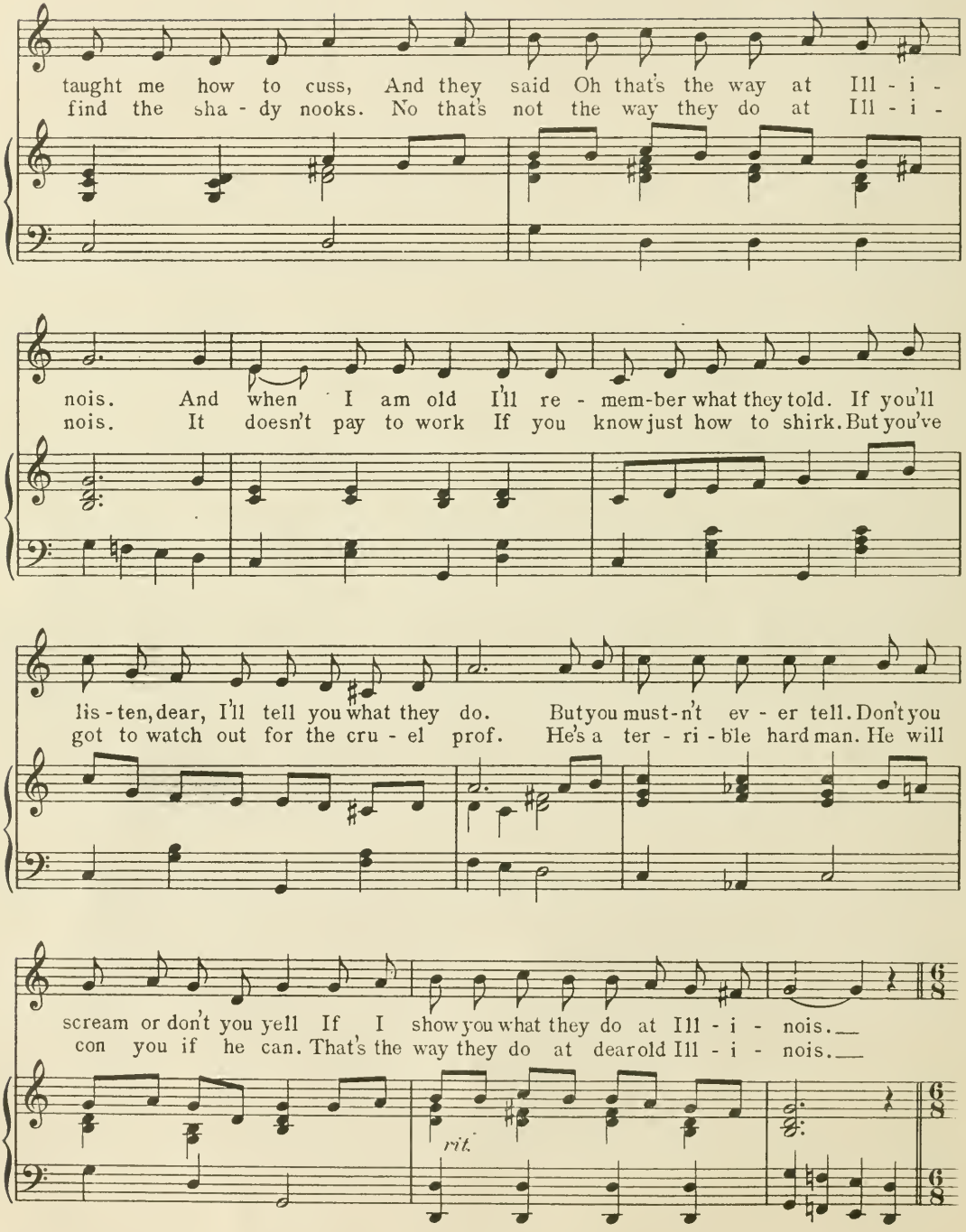
That's The Way They Do At Illinois

Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.

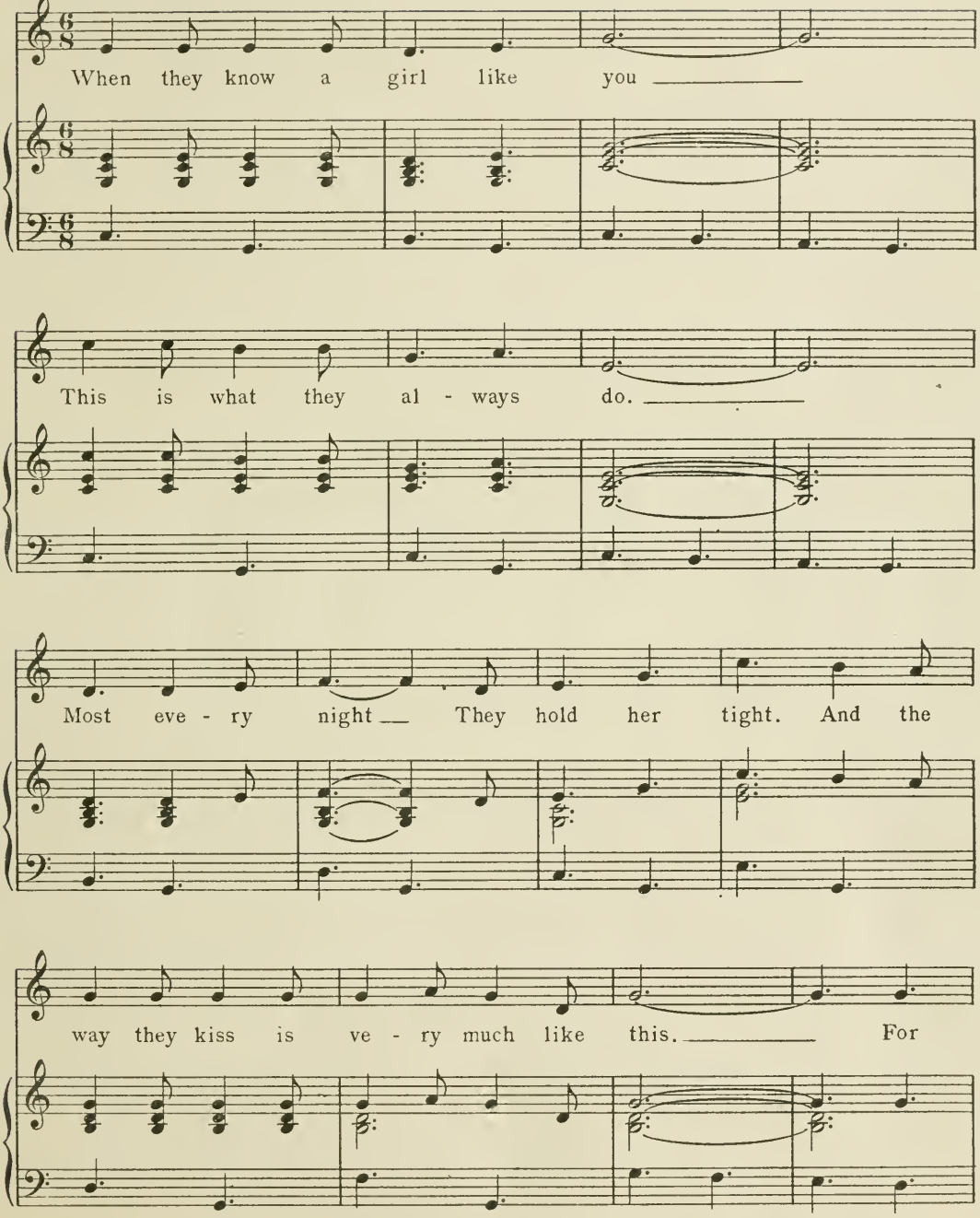
Moderato.

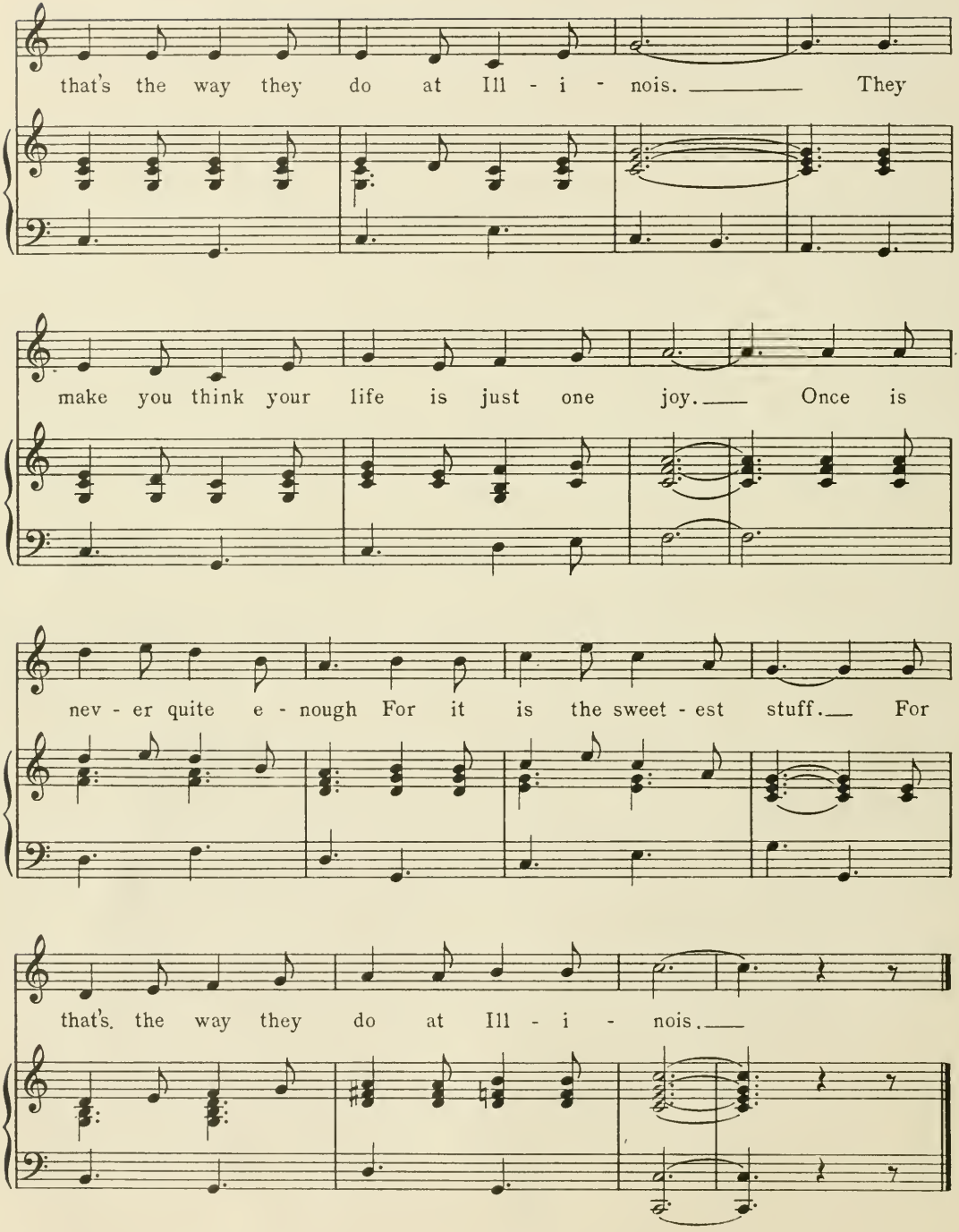



taught me how to cuss, And they said Oh that's the way at Ill - i -
find the sha - dy nooks. No that's not the way they do at Ill - i -
nois. And when I am old I'll re - mem-ber what they told. If you'll
nois. It doesn't pay to work If you know just how to shirk. But you've
lis - ten, dear, I'll tell you what they do. But you must-n't ev - er tell. Don't you
got to watch out for the cru - el prof. He's a ter - ri - ble hard man. He will
scream or don't you yell If I show you what they do at Ill - i - nois.
con you if he can. That's the way they do at dear old Ill - i - nois.
rit.

CHORUS.

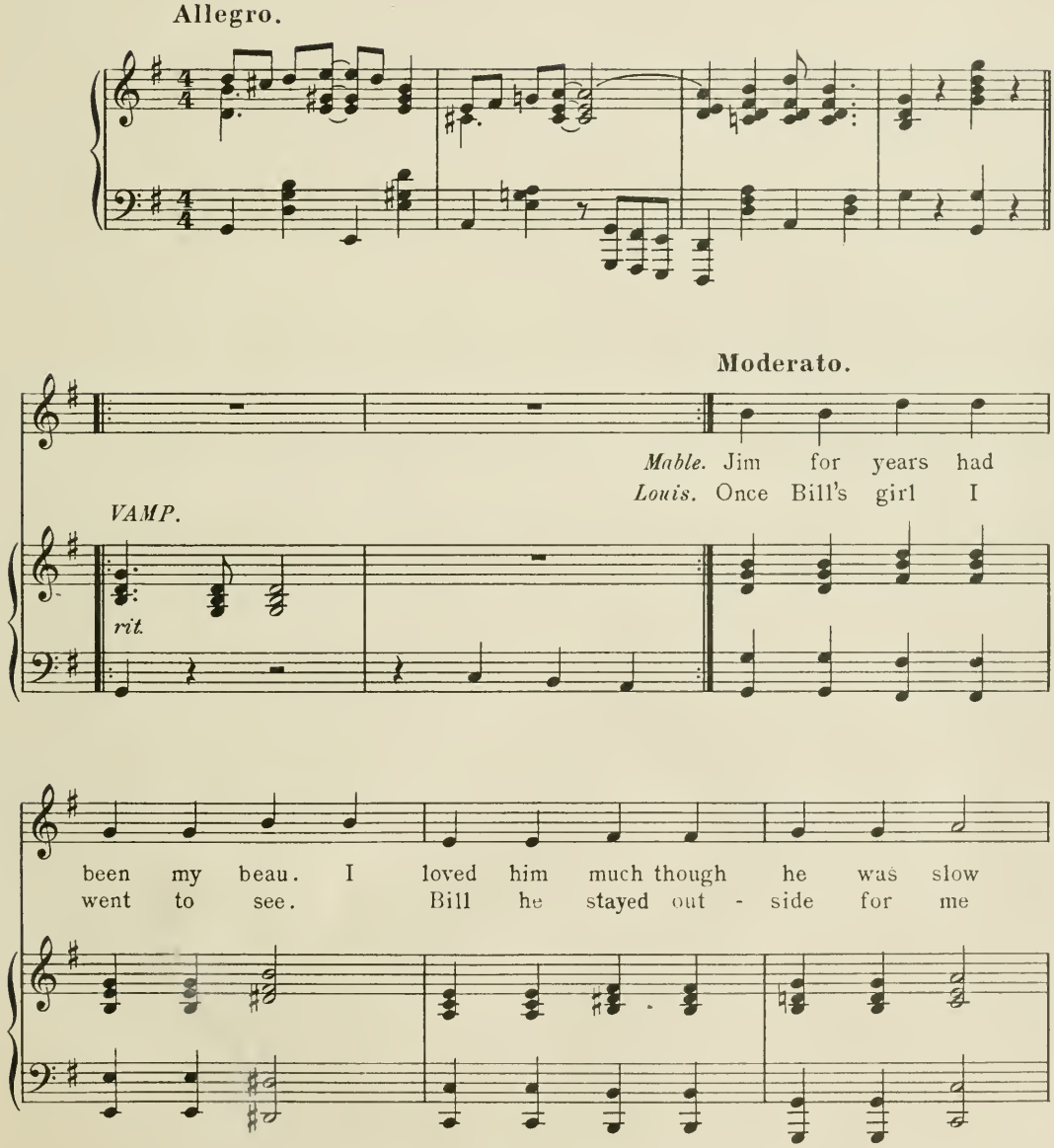
Allegro.

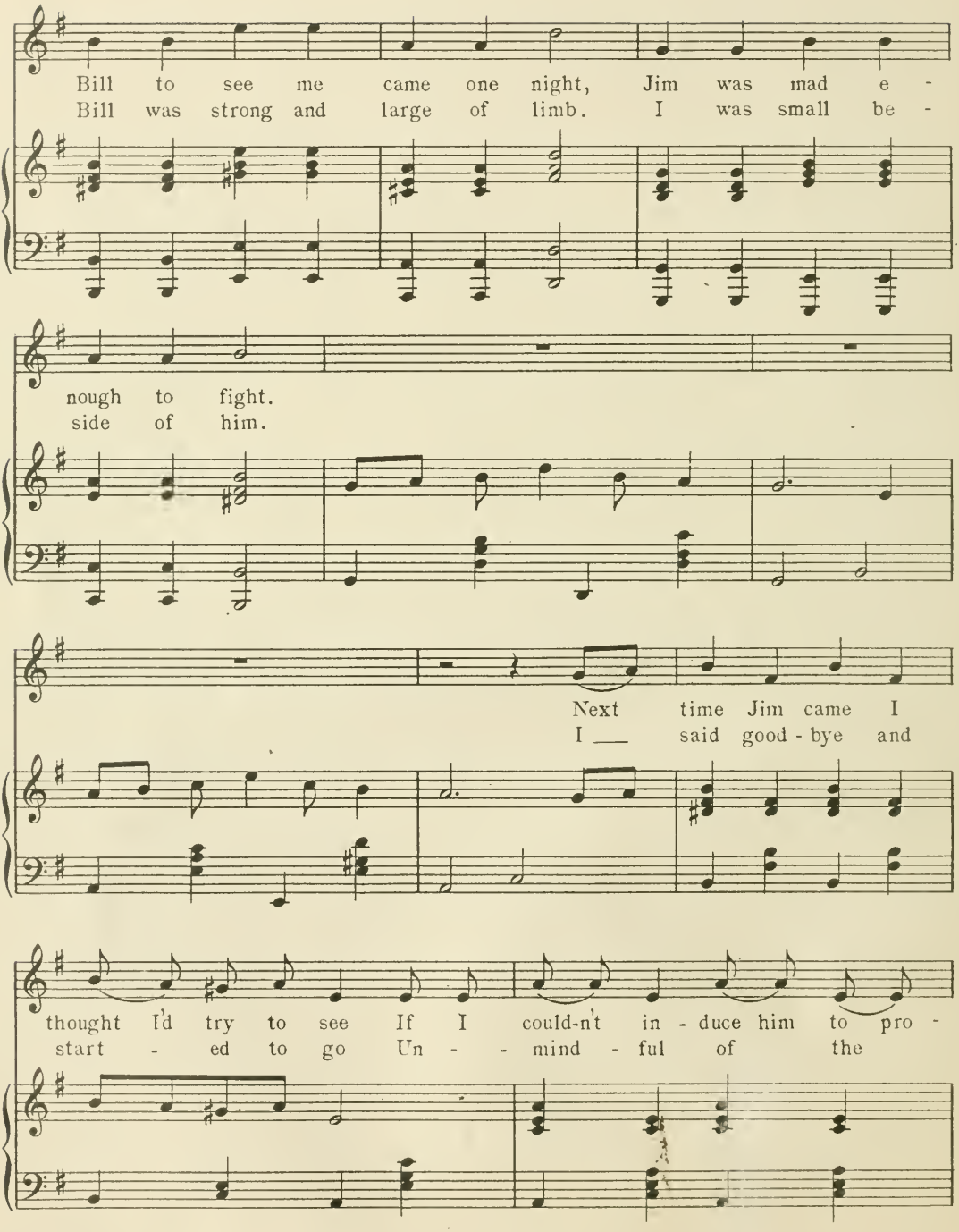


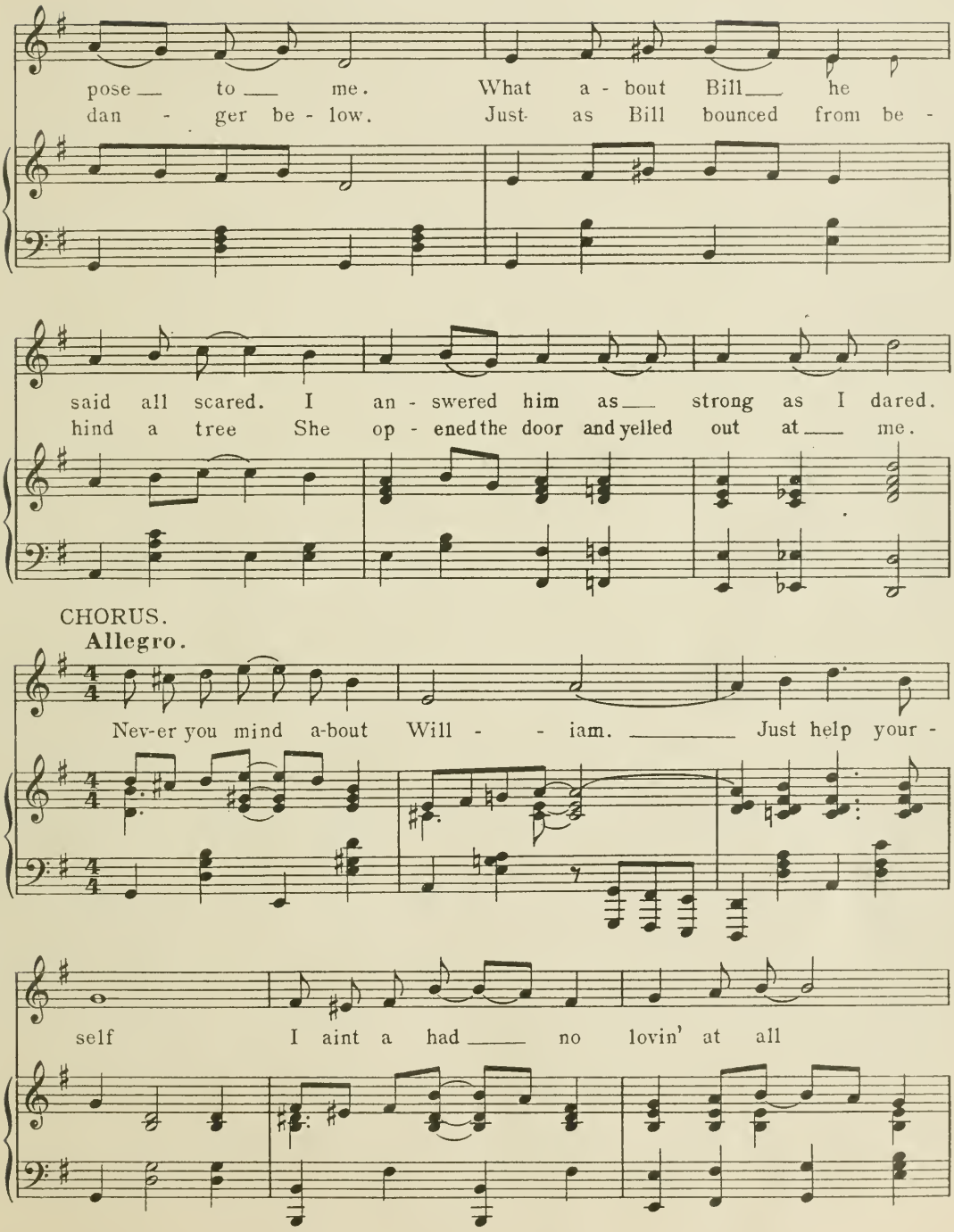

that's the way they do at Ill - i - nois. They
make you think your life is just one joy. Once is
nev - er quite e - nough For it is the sweet - est stuff. For
that's the way they do at Ill - i - nois.

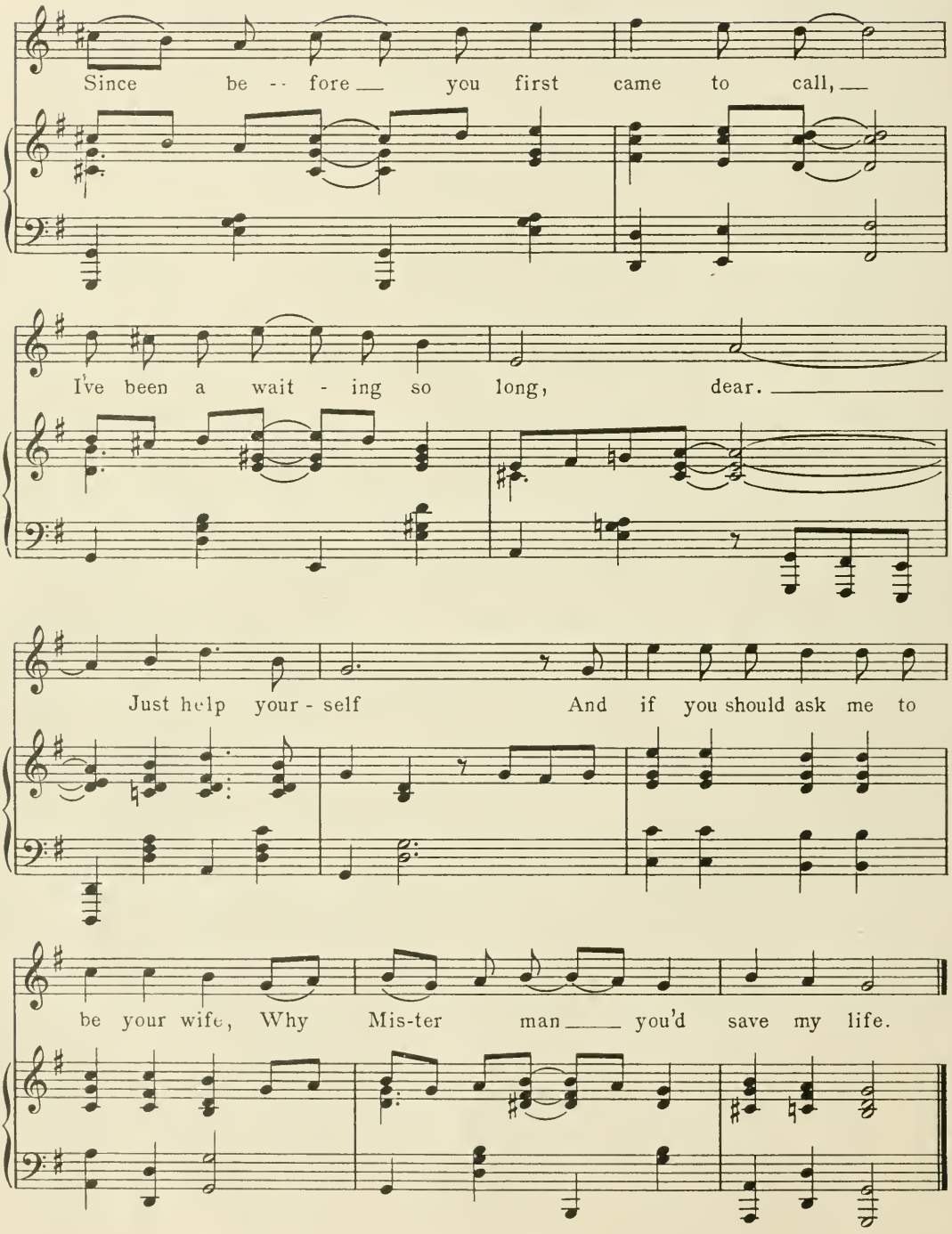
Never You Mind About William

Lyric and Music by
HAROLD DREW and PAUL J. MORRIS.




Bill to see me came one night, Jim was mad e -
Bill was strong and large of limb. I was small be -
nough to fight.
side of him.
Next time Jim came I
I ___ said good - bye and
thought I'd try to see If I could-n't in - duce him to pro -
start - ed to go Un - - mind - ful of the


pose to me. What a - bout Bill he
dan - ger be - low. Just as Bill bounced from be -
said all scared. I an - swered him as strong as I dared.
hind a tree She op - ened the door and yelled out at me.
CHORUS.
Allegro.
Nev-er you mind a-bout Will - - iam. Just help your -
self I aint a had no lovin' at all

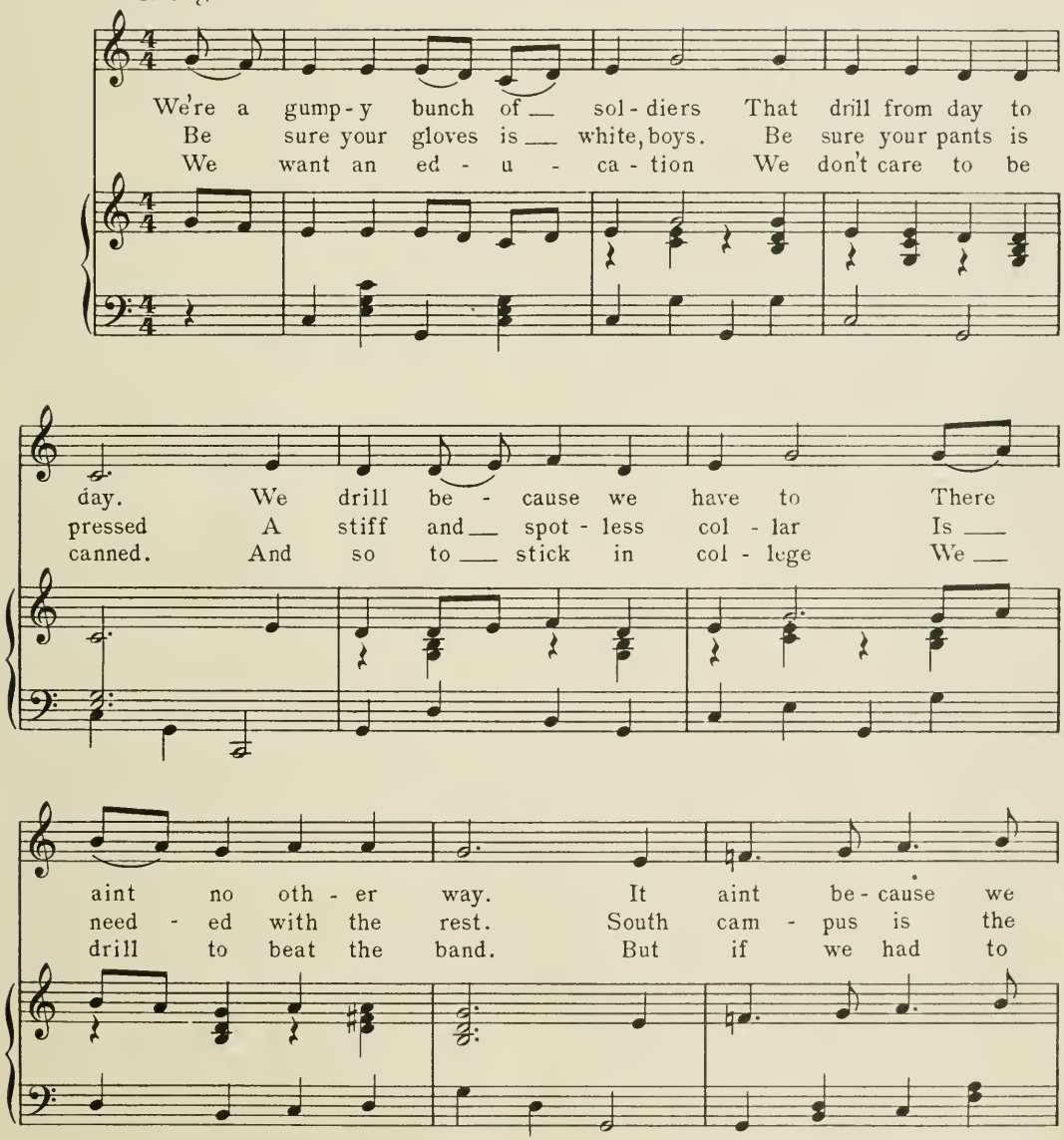

Since be -- fore you first came to call,
I've been a wait - ing so long, dear.
Just help your - self And if you should ask me to
be your wife, Why Mis-ter man you'd save my life.

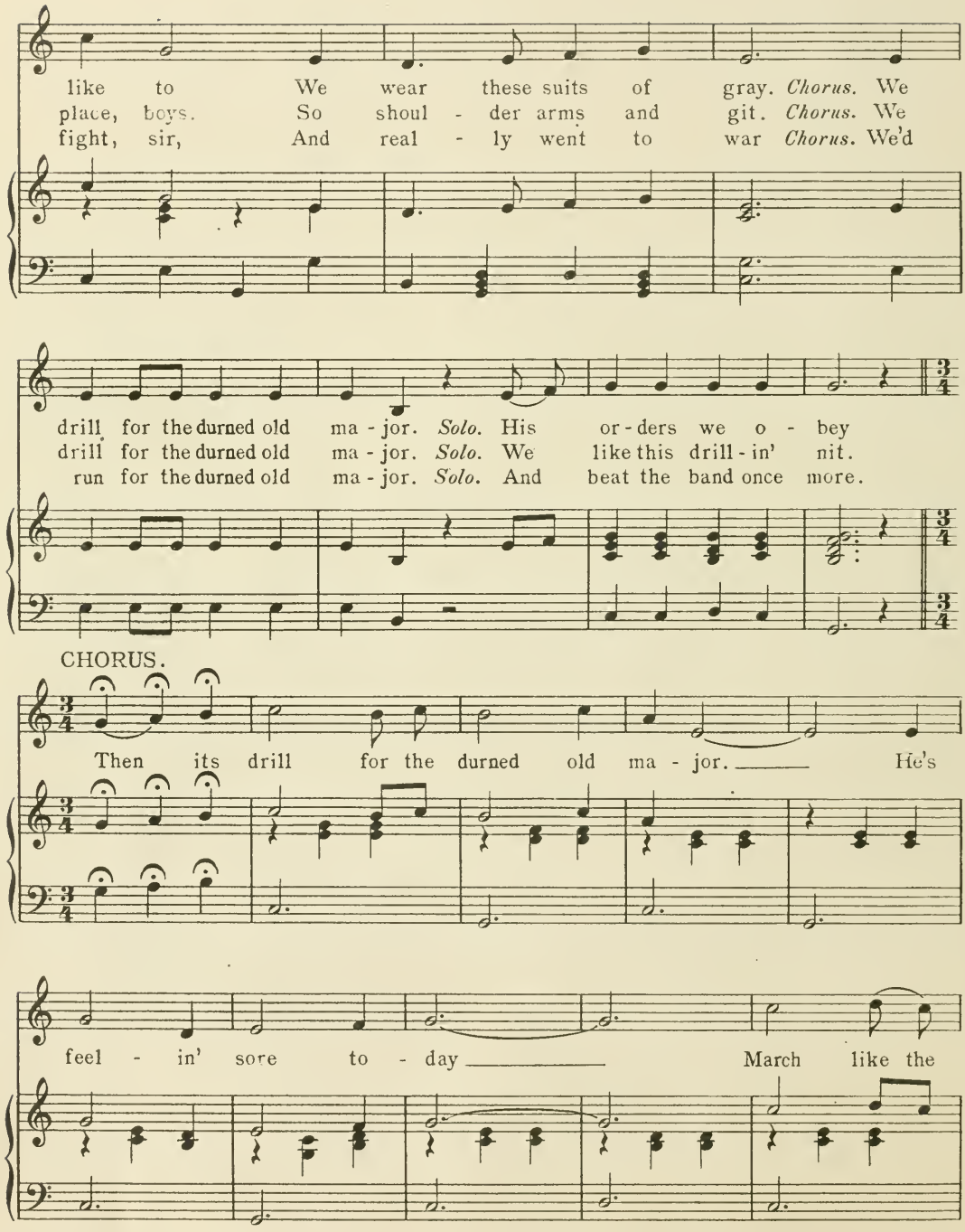
Military Song

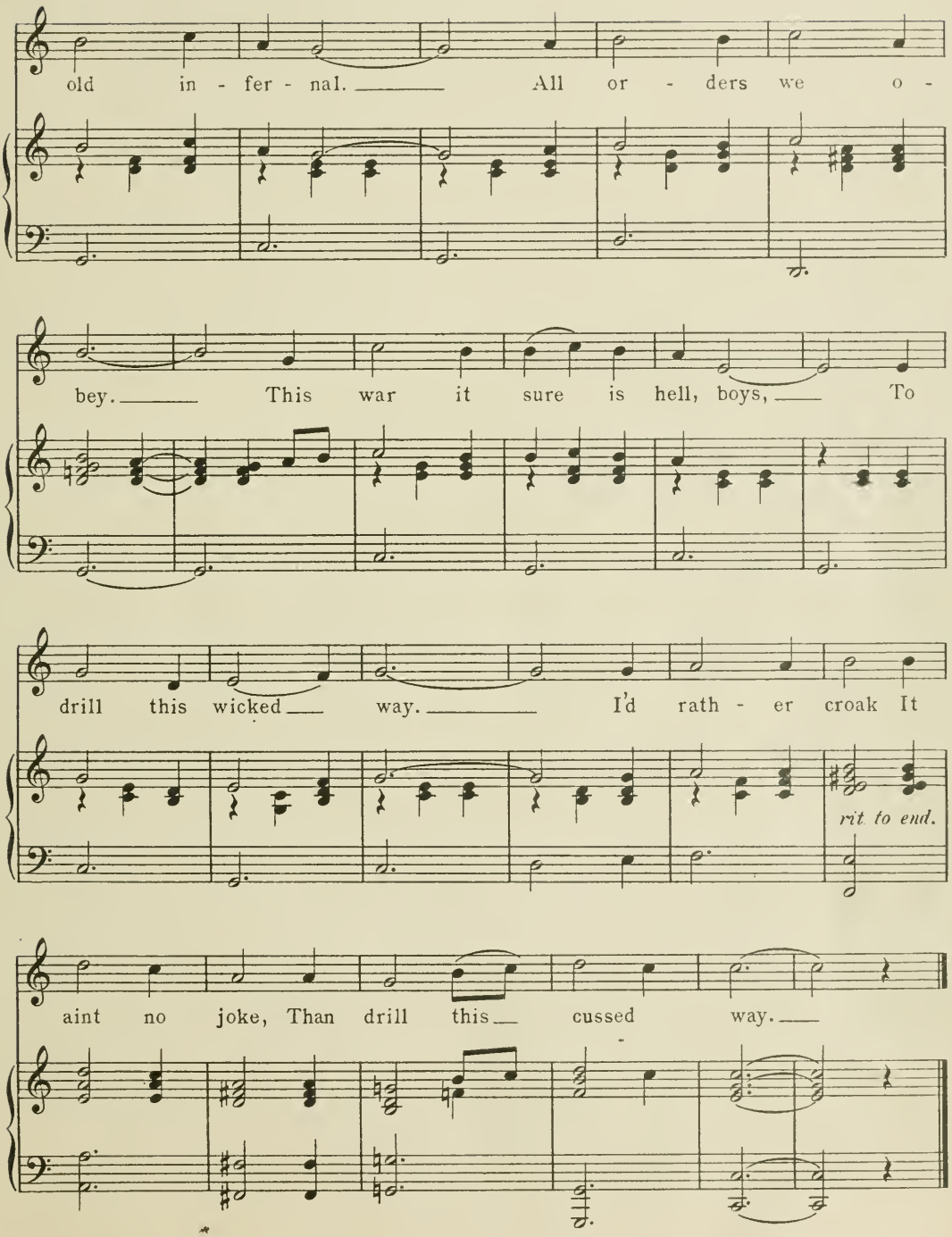
Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.

Allegretto.



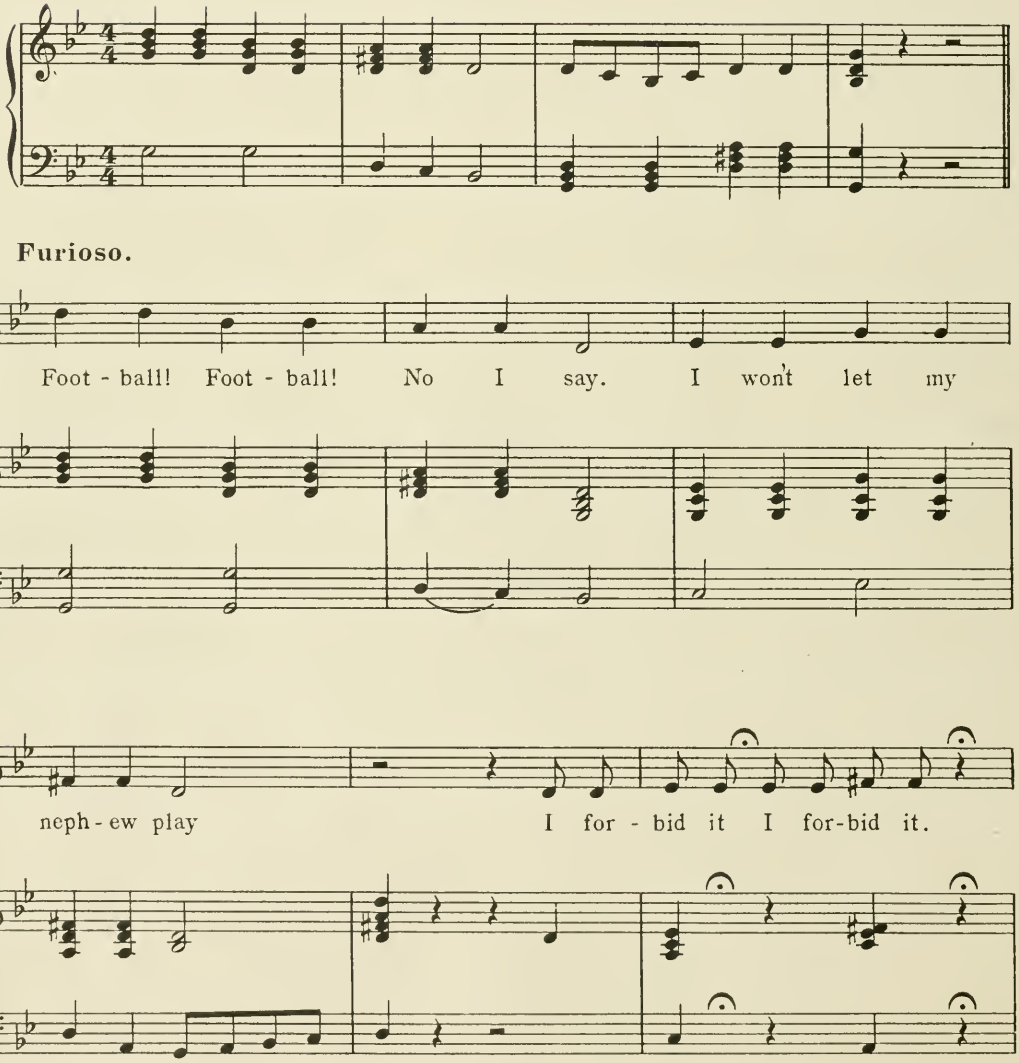

like to We wear these suits of gray. *Chorus.* We
place, boys. So shoul - der arms and git. *Chorus.* We
fight, sir, And real - ly went to war *Chorus.* We'd
drill for the durned old ma - jor. *Solo.* His or - ders we o - bey
drill for the durned old ma - jor. *Solo.* We like this drill - in' nit.
run for the durned old ma - jor. *Solo.* And beat the band once more.
CHORUS.
Then its drill for the durned old ma - jor. He's
feel - in' sore to - day March like the

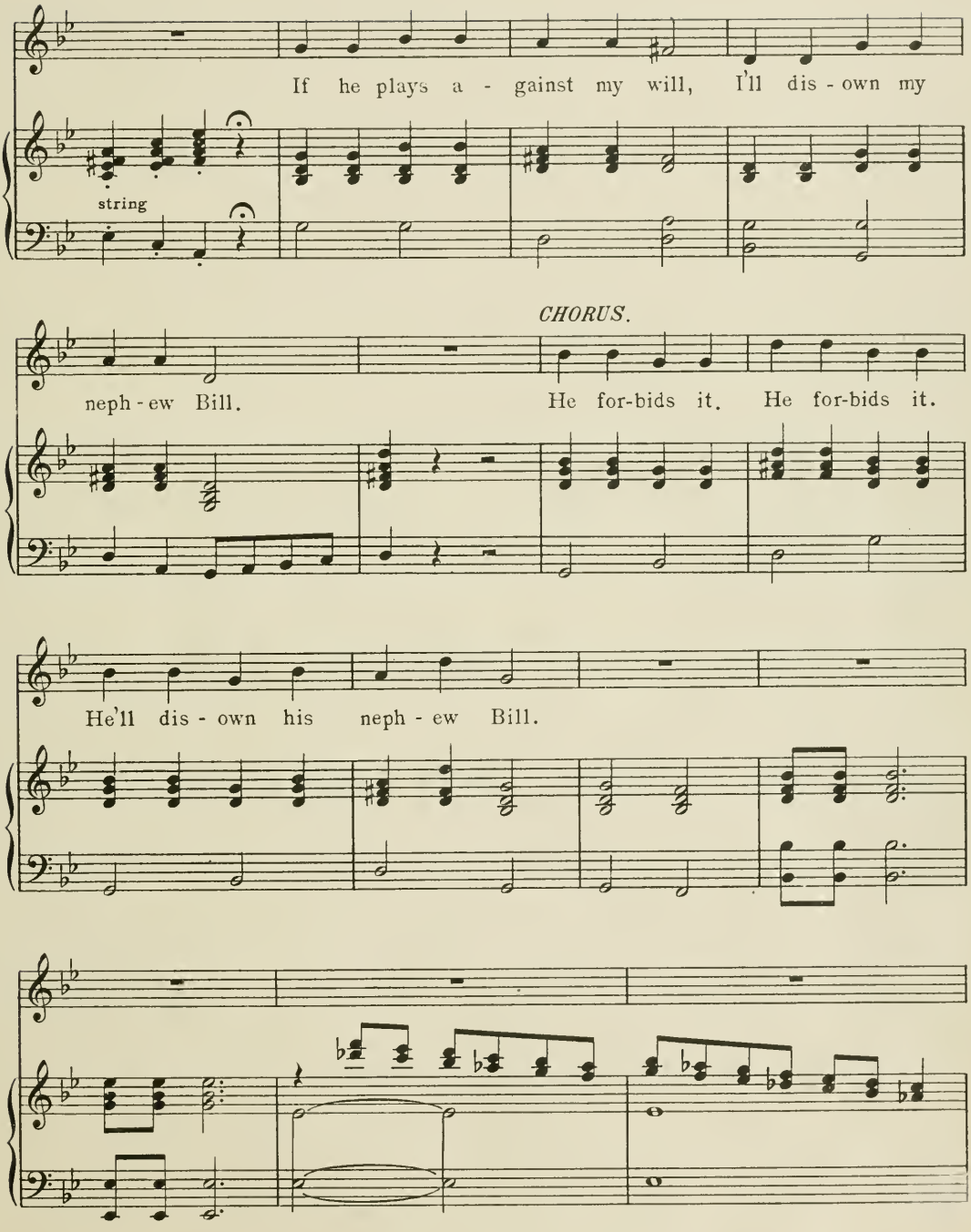

old in - fer - nal. All or - ders we o -
bey. This war it sure is hell, boys, To
drill this wicked way. I'd rath - er croak It
rit. to end.
aint no joke, Than drill this cussed way.

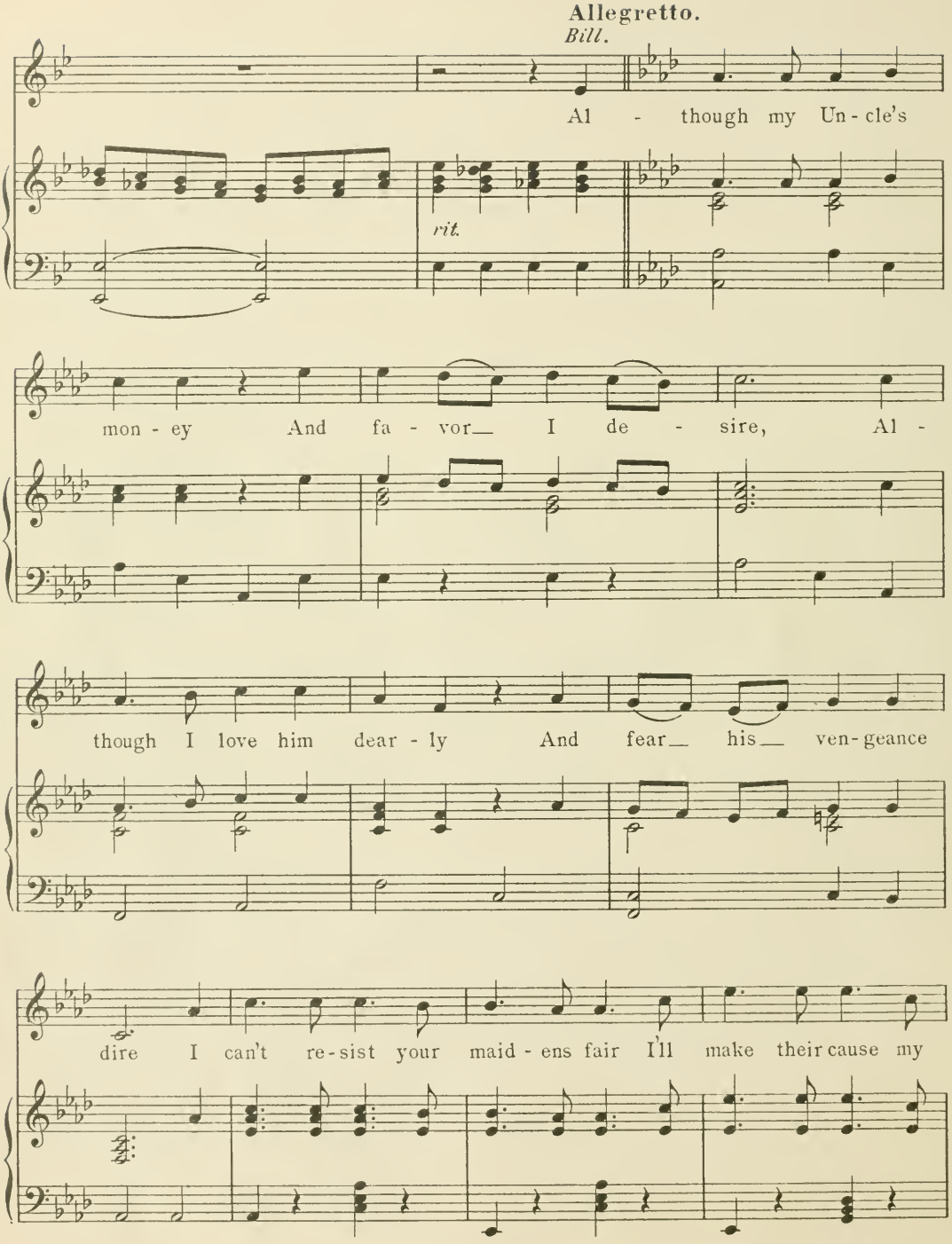
FINALE

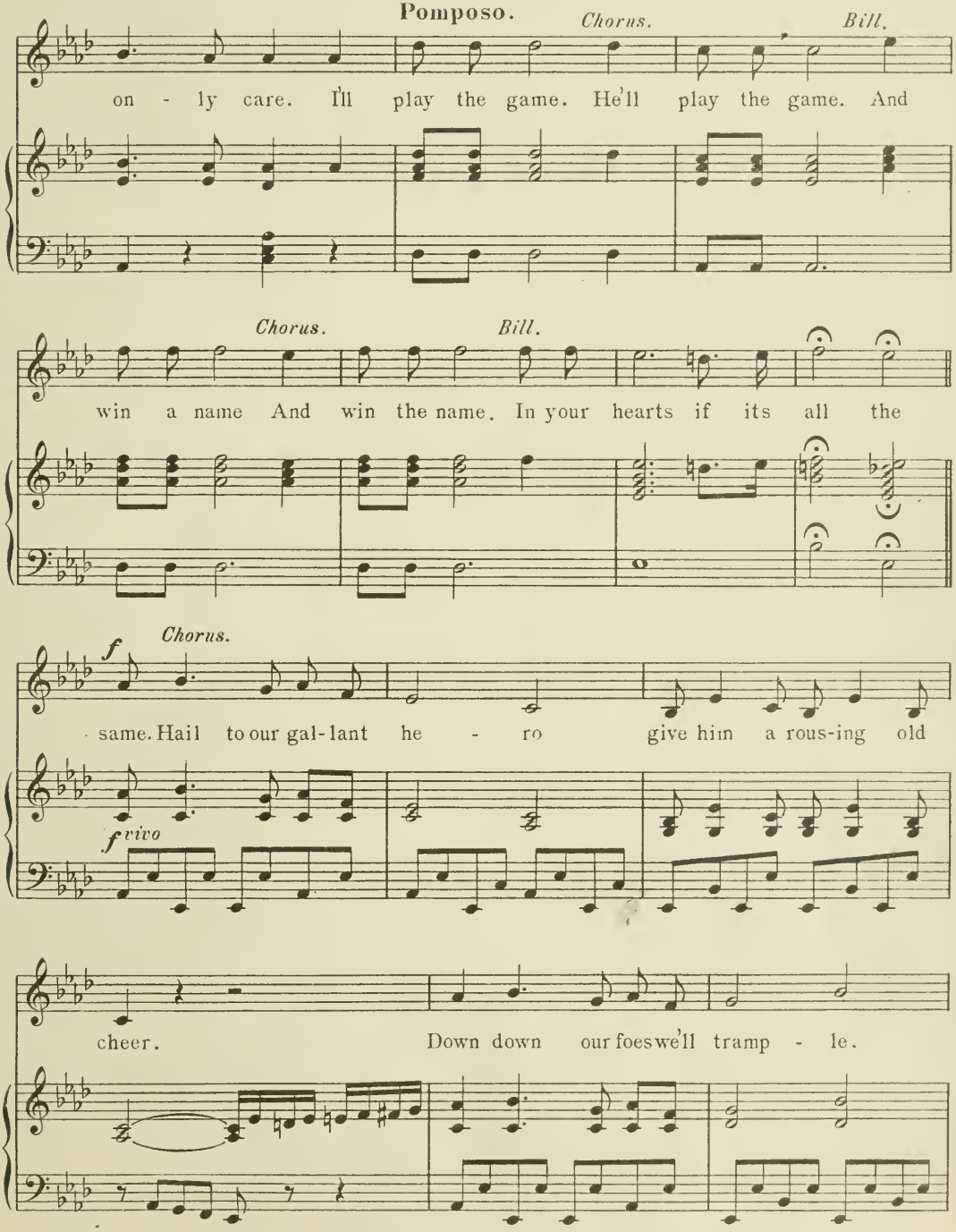
Act I.

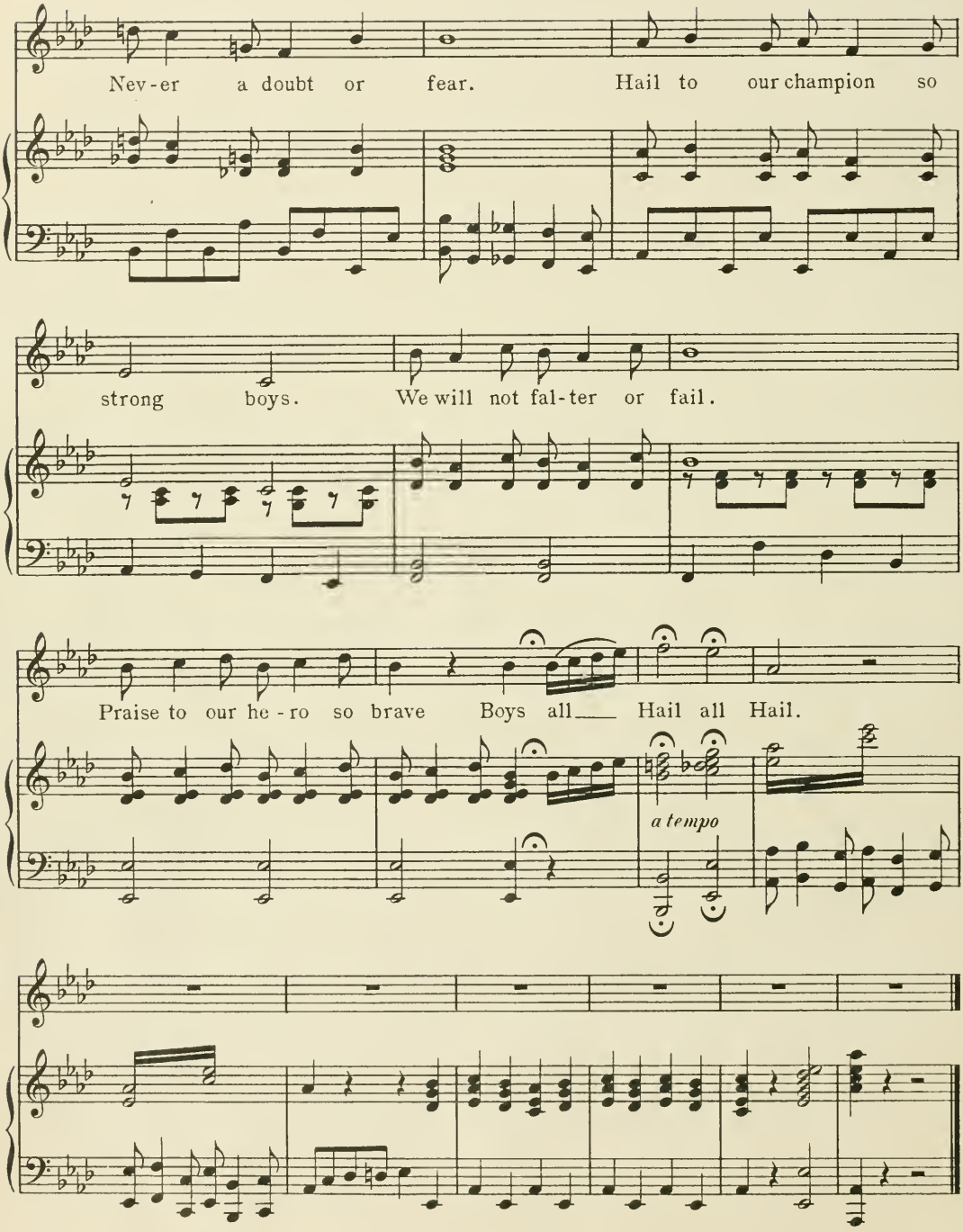
Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.




If he plays a - gainst my will, I'll dis - own my
string
CHORUS.
neph - ew Bill. He for-bids it. He for-bids it.
He'll dis - own his neph - ew Bill.


Allegretto.
Bill.
Al - though my Un - cle's
rit.
mon - ey And fa - vor_ I de - sire, Al -
though I love him dear - ly And fear_ his_ ven - geance
dire I can't re - sist your maid - ens fair I'll make their cause my

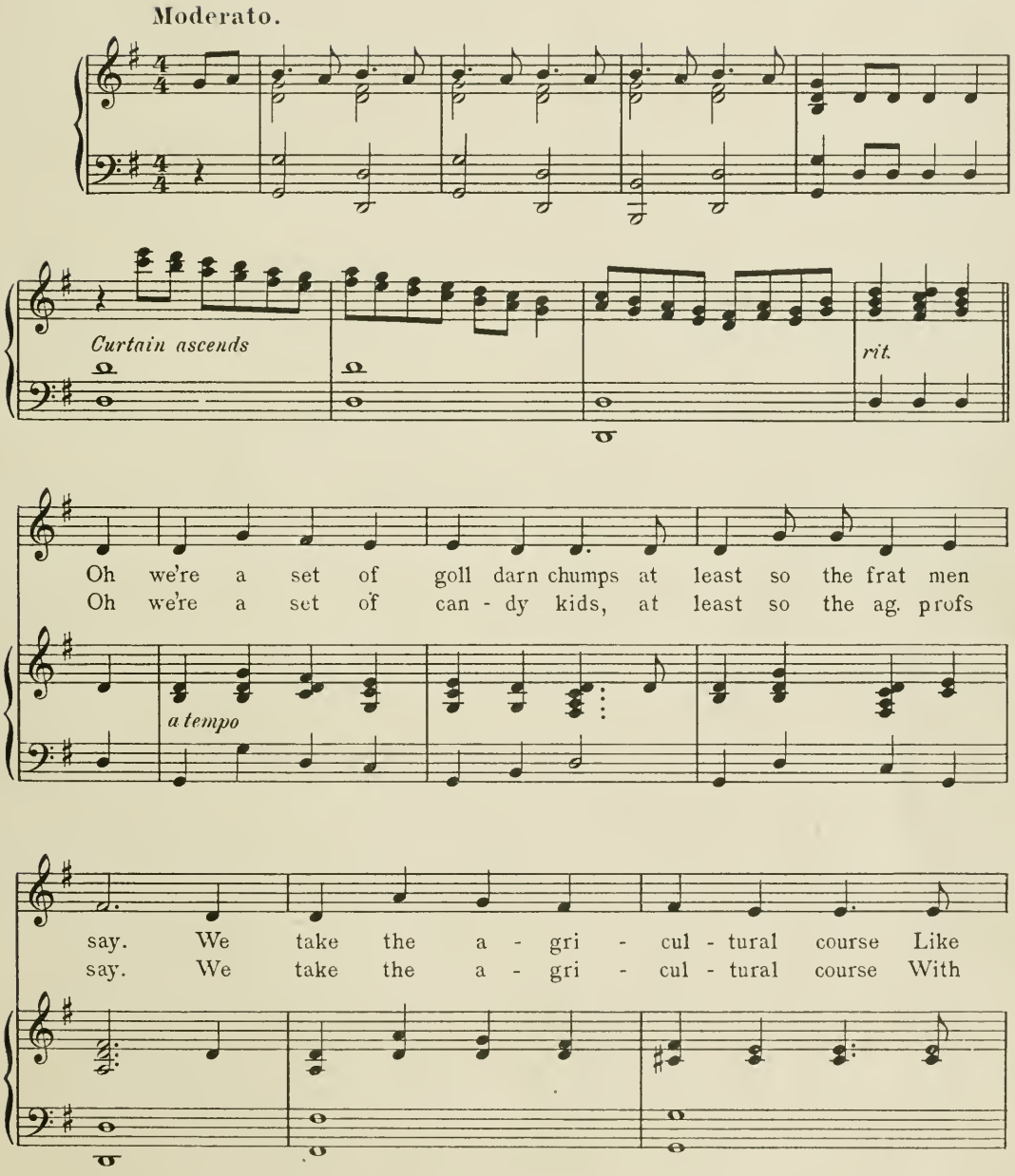

Pomposo.
Chorus.
Bill.
on - ly care. I'll play the game. He'll play the game. And
Chorus.
Bill.
win a name And win the name. In your hearts if its all the
f
Chorus.
same. Hail to our gal-lant he - ro give him a rous-ing old
f vivo
cheer. Down down our foes we'll tramp - le.

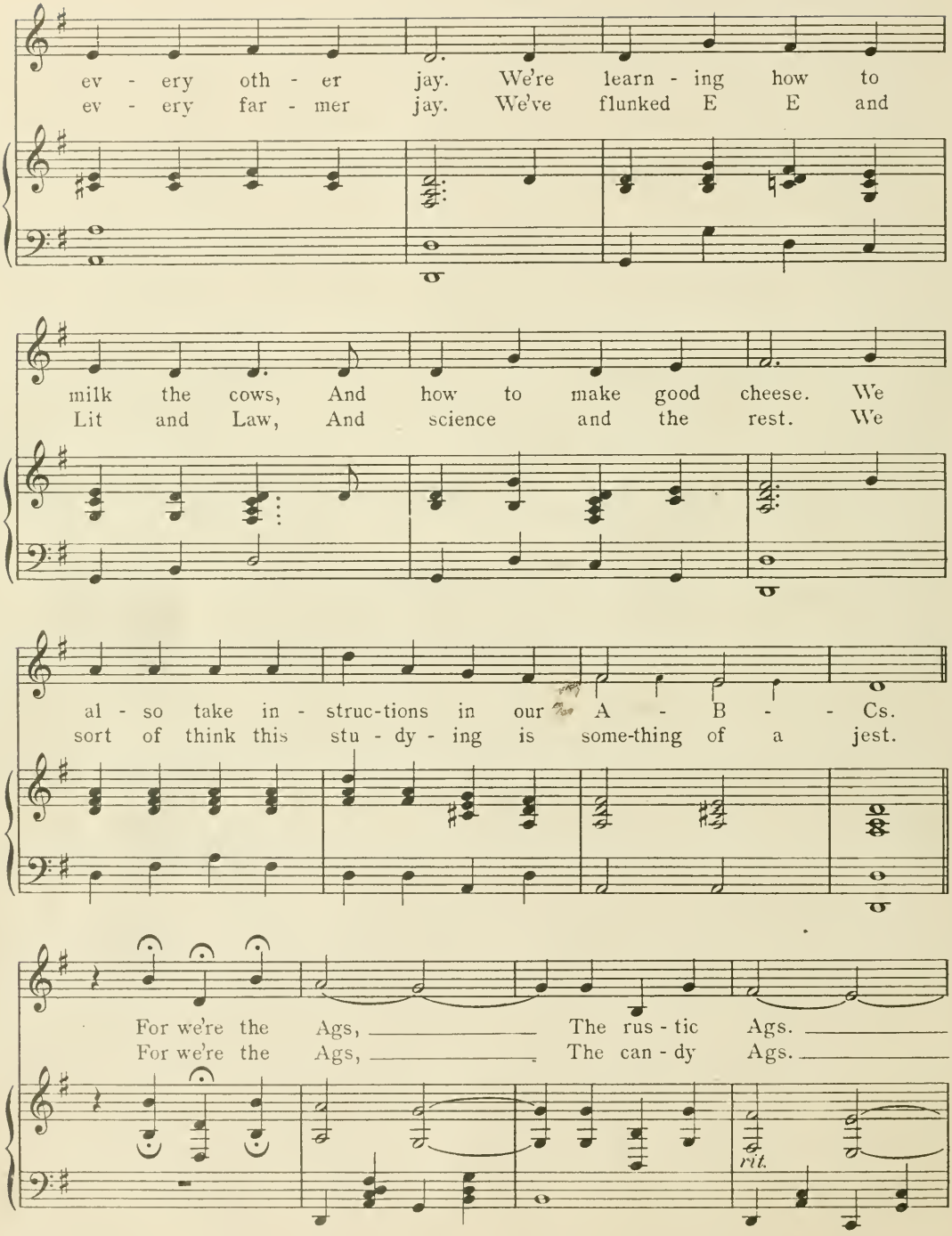

Nev-er a doubt or fear. Hail to our champion so
strong boys. We will not fal-ter or fail.
Praise to our he-ro so brave Boys all Hail all Hail.
a tempo

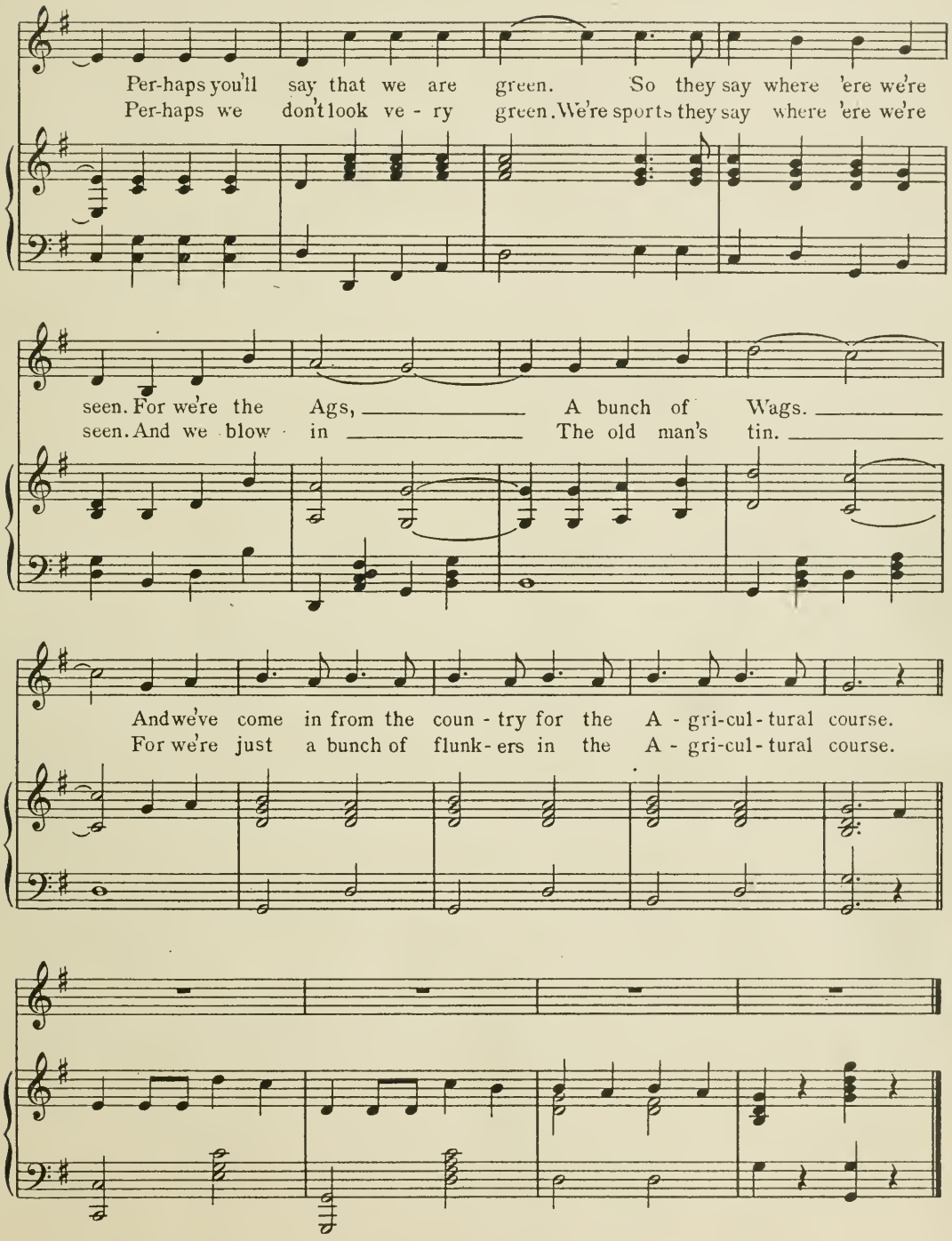
Ag Song

Act II.

Music arranged by
PAUL J. MORRIS.



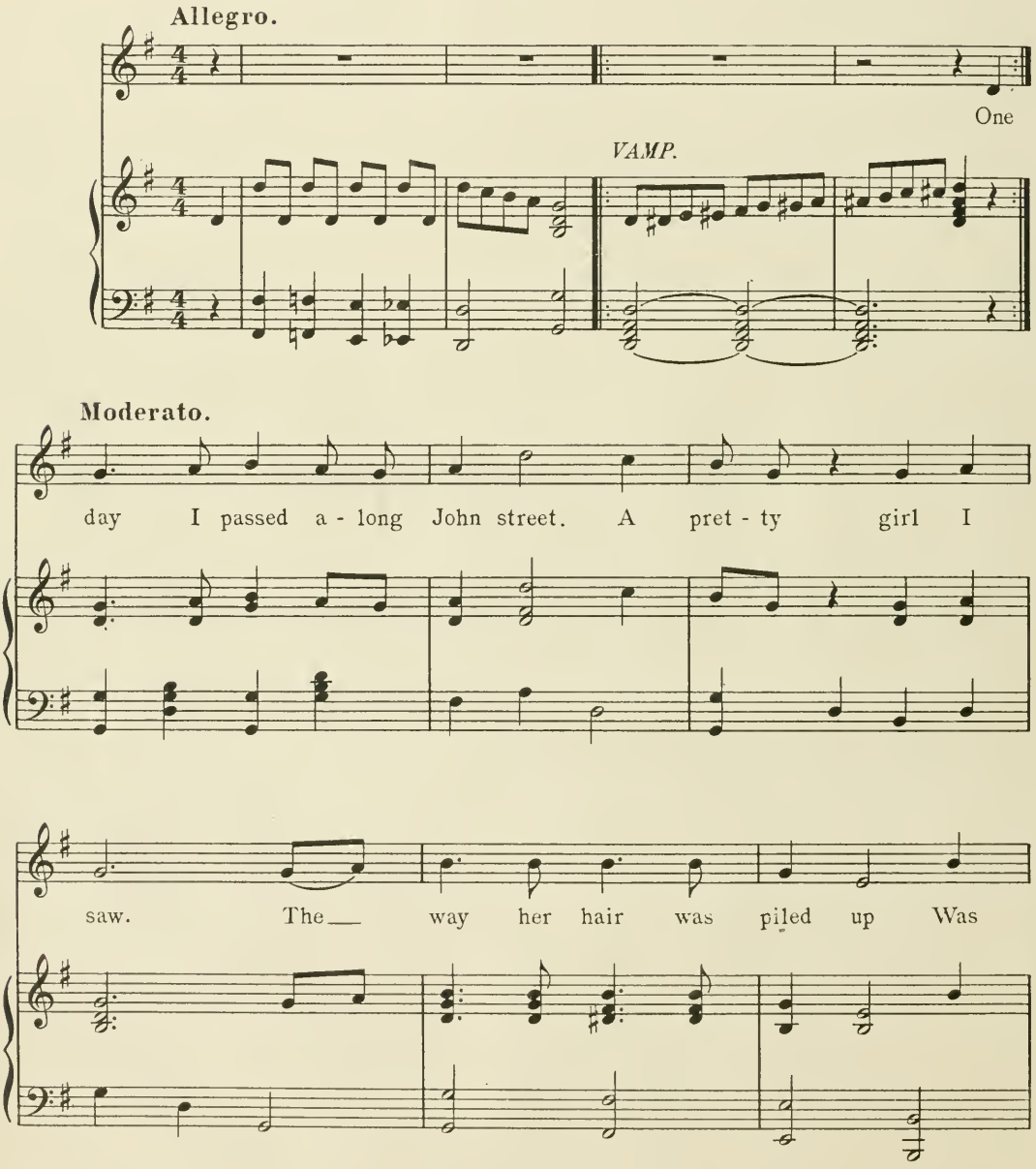

ev - ery oth - er jay. We're learn - ing how to
ev - ery far - mer jay. We've flunked E E and
milk the cows, And how to make good cheese. We
Lit and Law, And science and the rest. We
al - so take in - struc-tions in our A - B - Cs.
sort of think this stu - dy - ing is some-thing of a jest.
For we're the Ags, The rus - tic Ags.
For we're the Ags, The can - dy Ags.
rit.

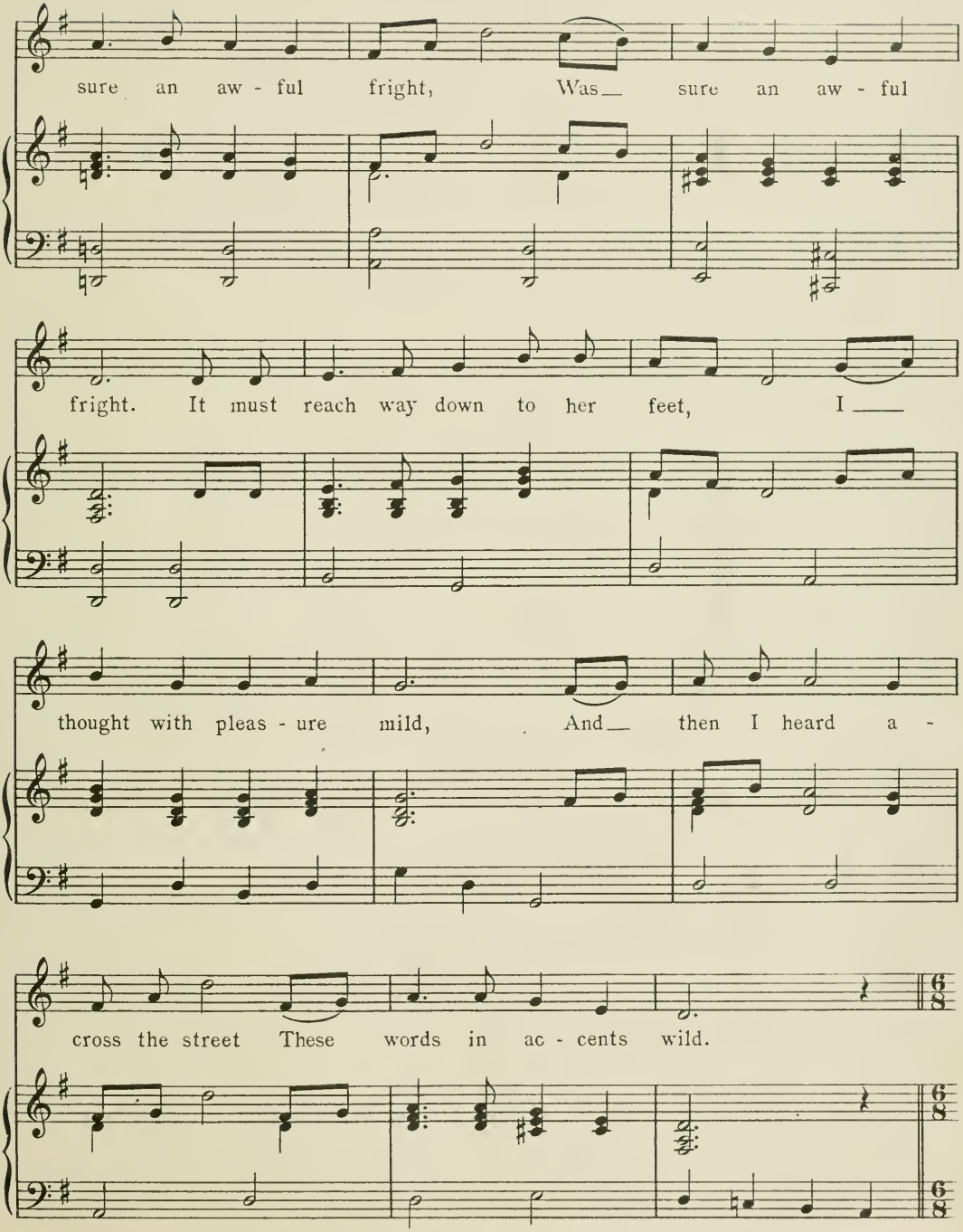

Per-haps you'll say that we are green. So they say where 'ere we're
Per-haps we don't look ve - ry green. We're sports they say where 'ere we're
seen. For we're the Ags, A bunch of Wags.
seen. And we blow in The old man's tin.
And we've come in from the coun - try for the A - gri-cul - tural course.
For we're just a bunch of flunk - ers in the A - gri-cul - tural course.

Imagination

Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

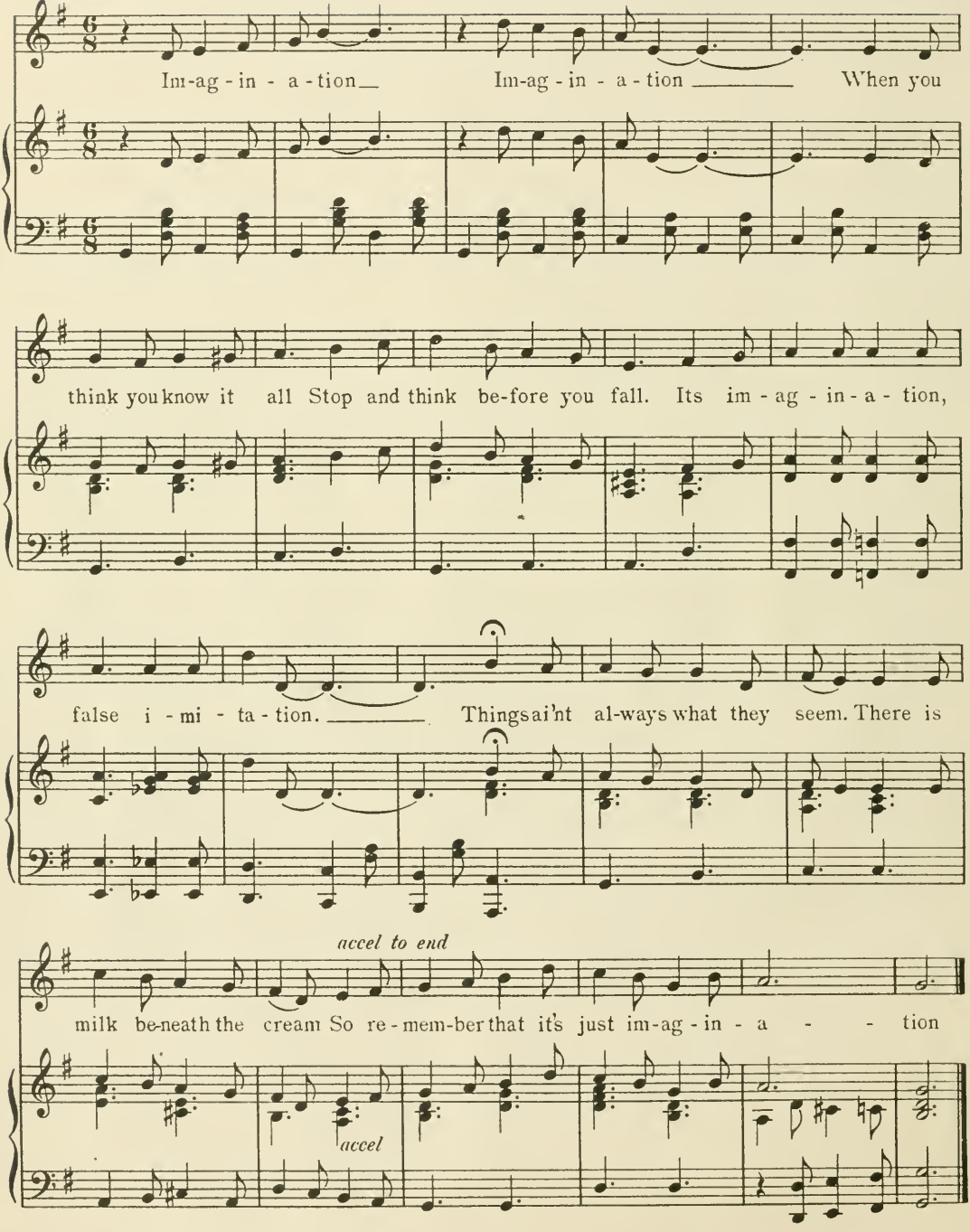
Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.




sure an aw - ful fright, Was sure an aw - ful
fright. It must reach way down to her feet, I
thought with pleas - ure mild, And then I heard a -
cross the street These words in ac - cents wild.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

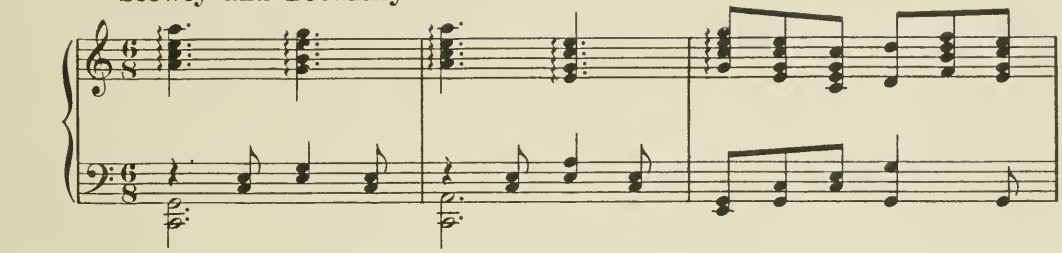


Sailing

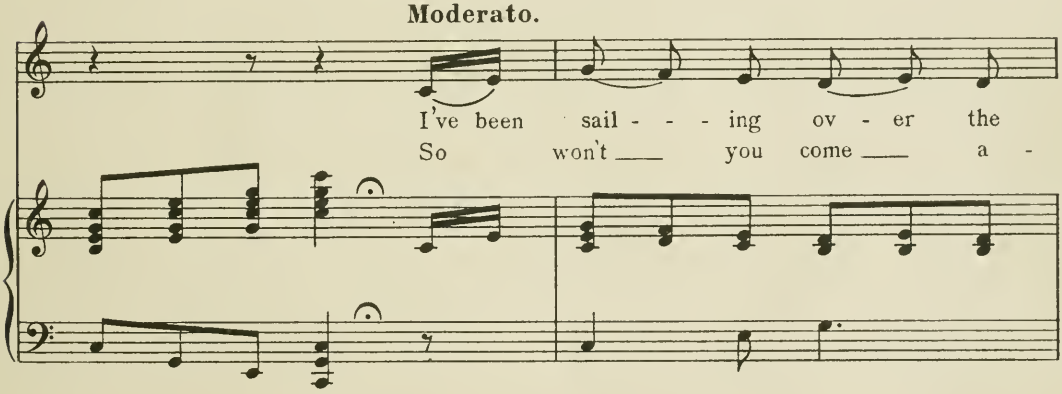
Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

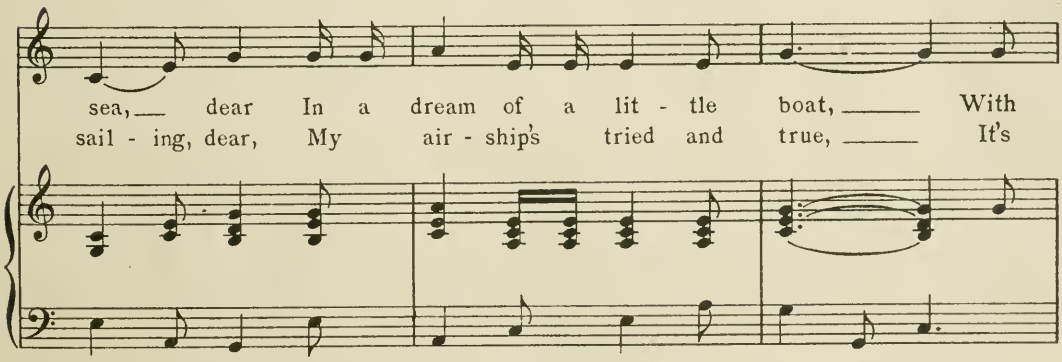
Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.

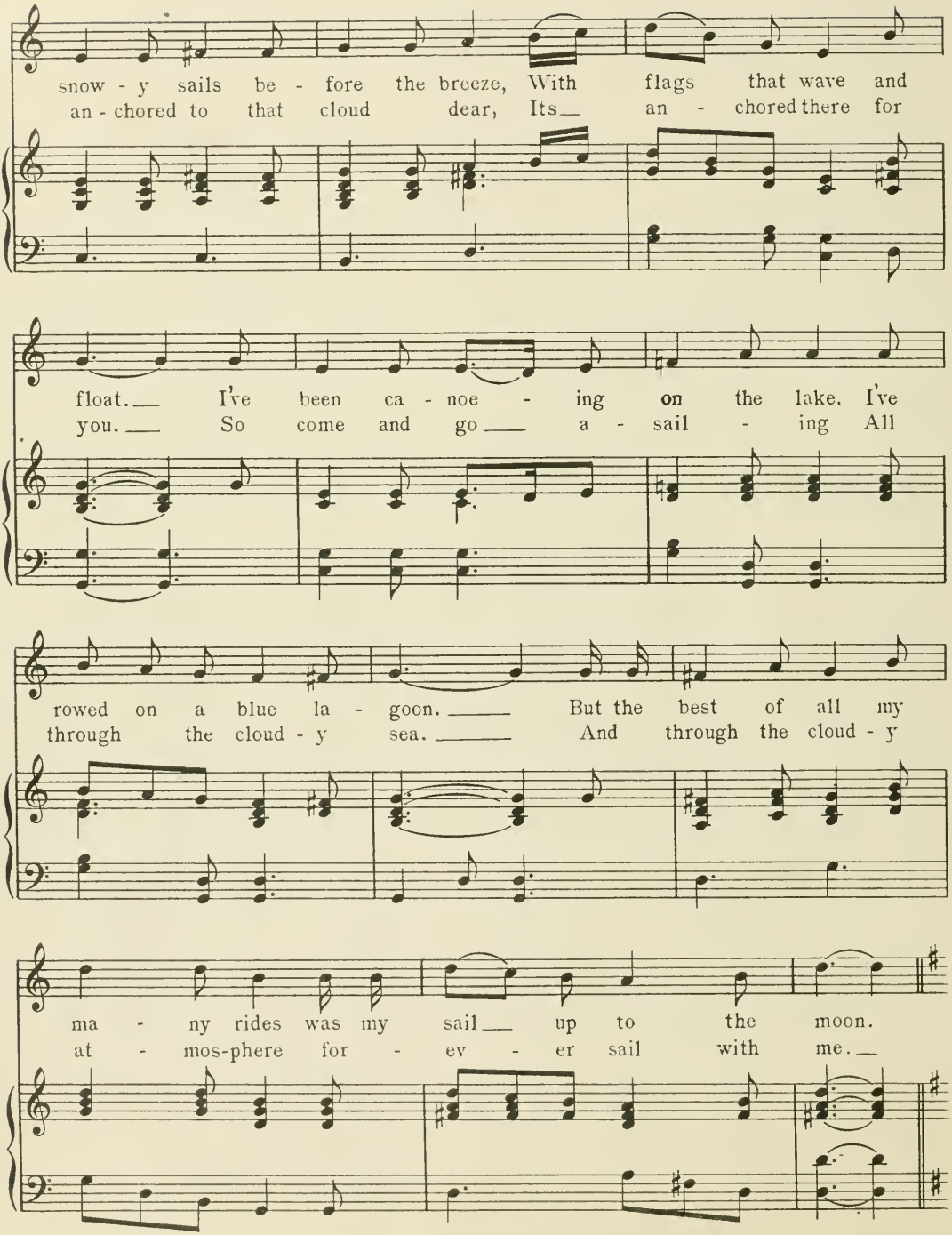
Slowly and Dreamily.



Moderato.

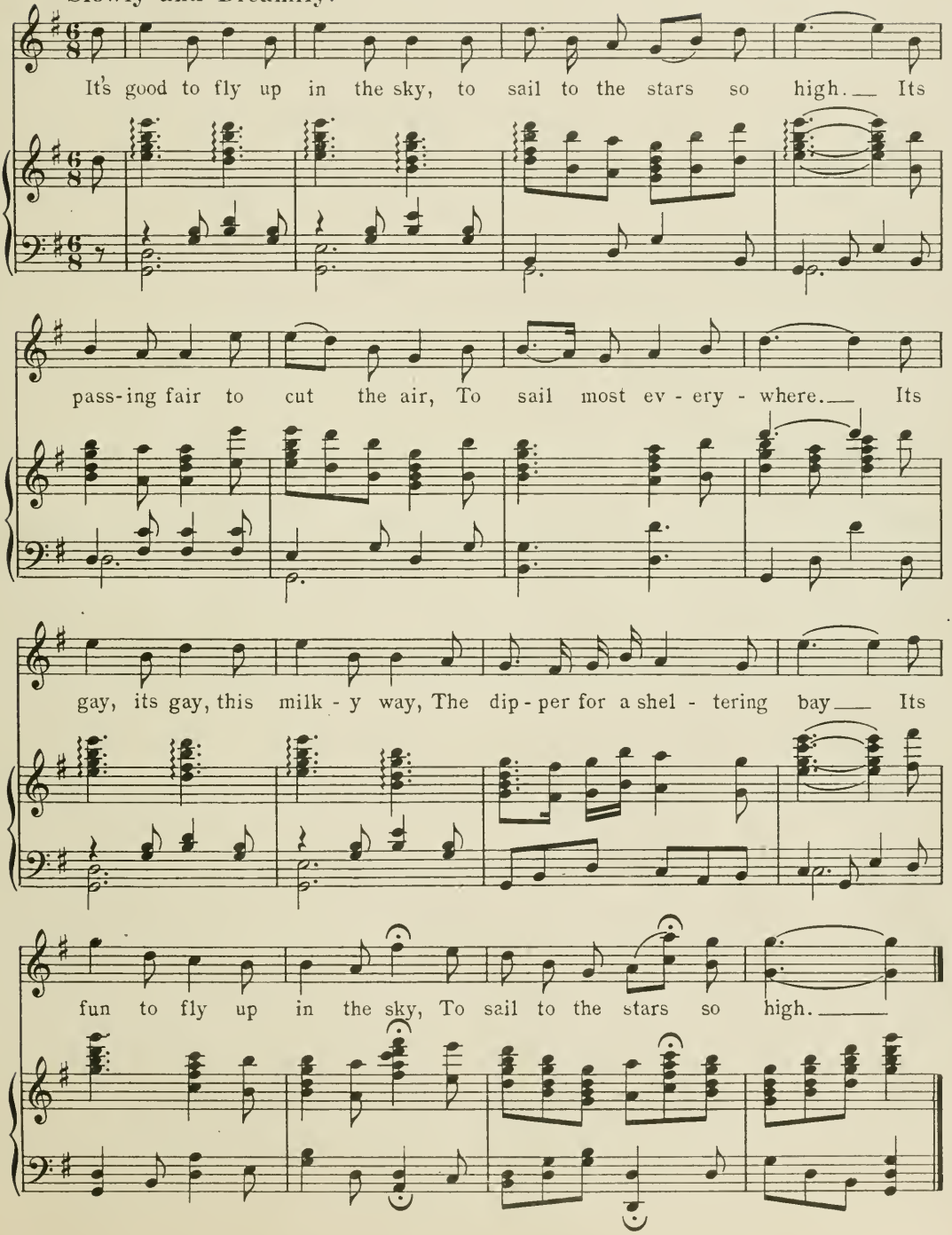





snow - y sails be - fore the breeze, With flags that wave and
an - chored to that cloud dear, Its an - chored there for
float. I've been ca - noe - ing on the lake. I've
you. So come and go a - sail - ing All
rowed on a blue la - goon. But the best of all my
through the cloud - y sea. And through the cloud - y
ma - ny rides was my sail up to the moon.
at - mos-phere for - ev - er sail with me.

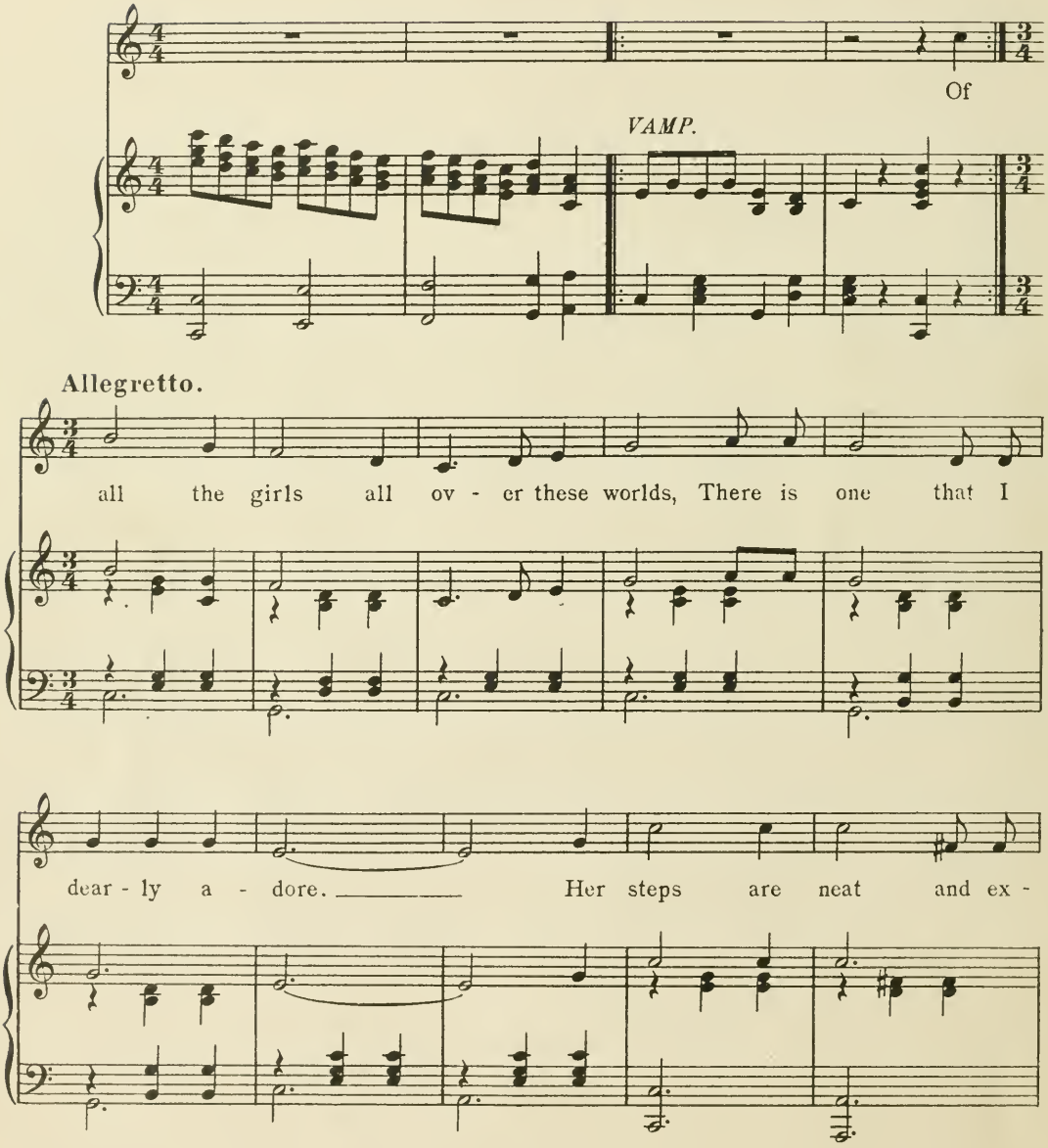
CHORUS.

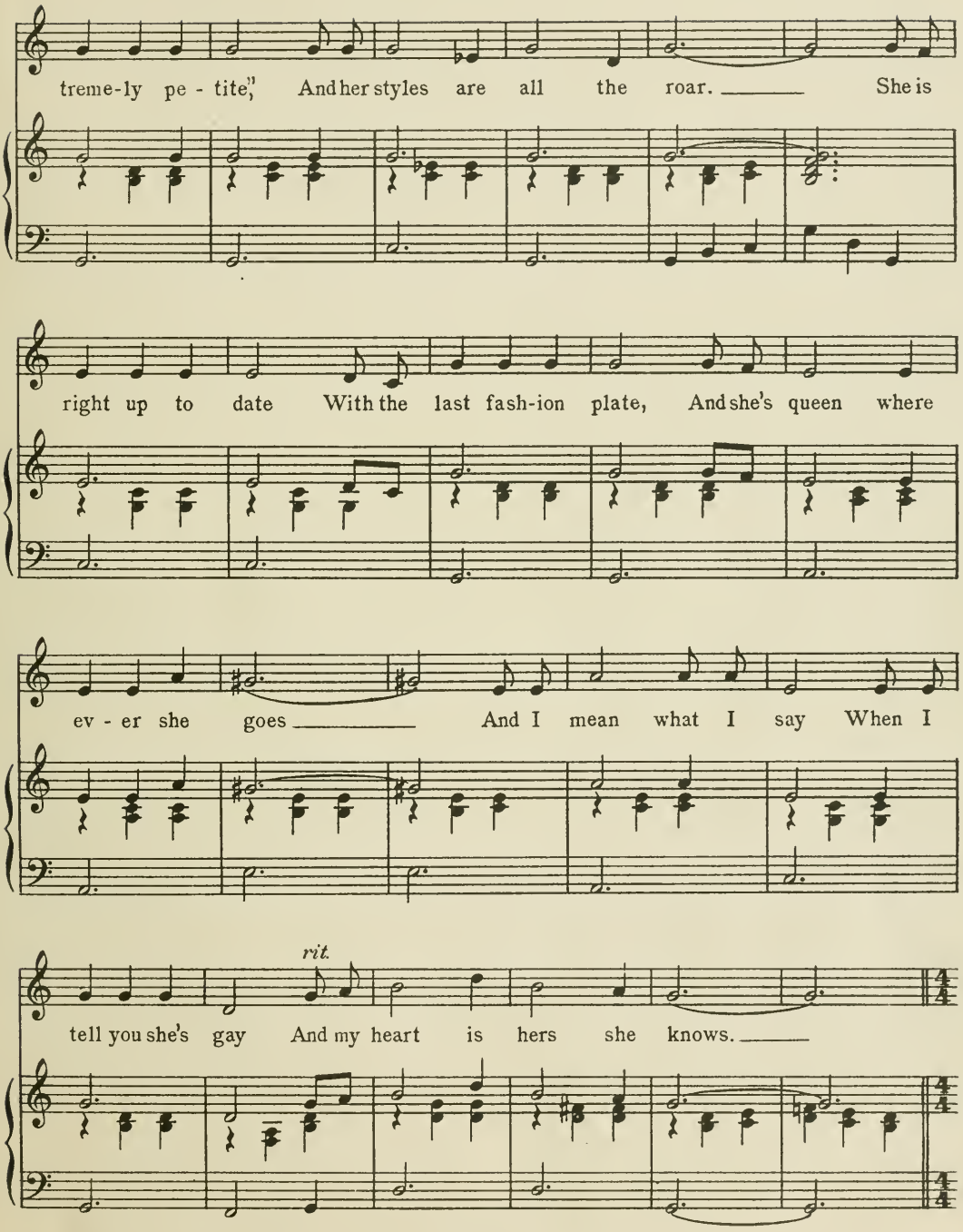
Slowly and Dreamily.



My Hobble Girl

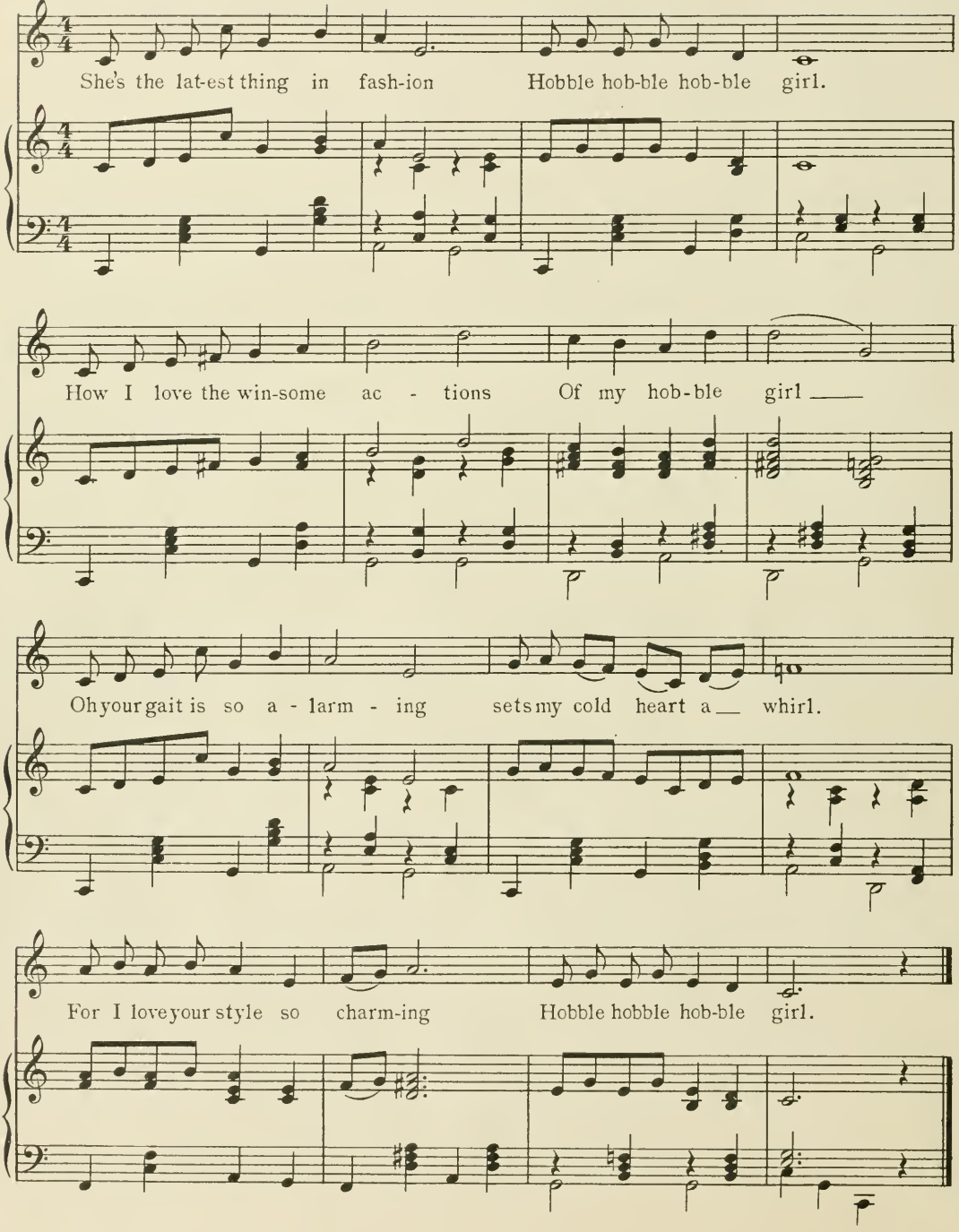
Lyric and Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.




treme-ly pe - tite," And her styles are all the roar. She is
right up to date With the last fash-ion plate, And she's queen where
ev - er she goes And I mean what I say When I
rit.
tell you she's gay And my heart is hers she knows.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

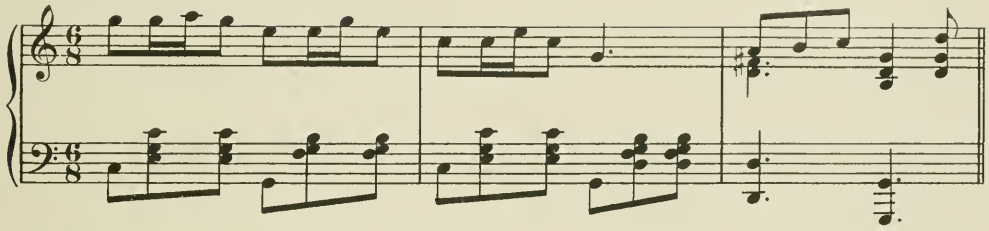


The Old Clothes Man

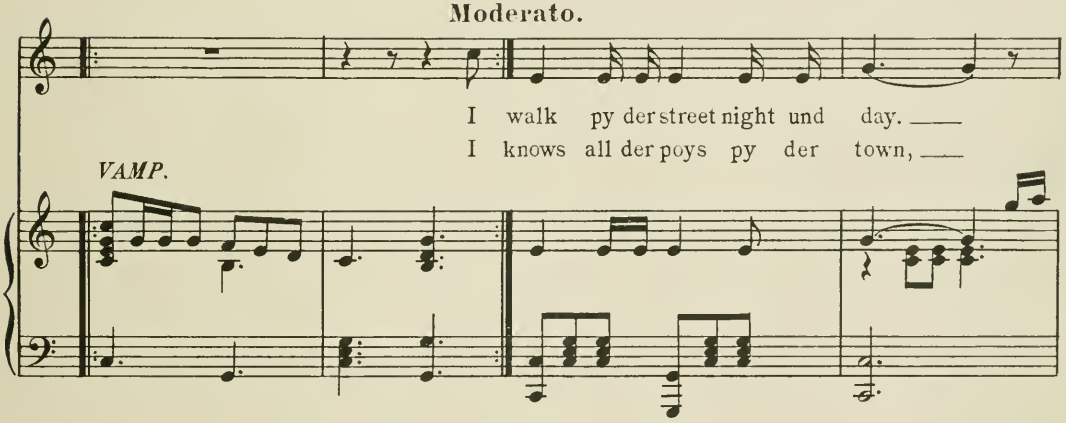
Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

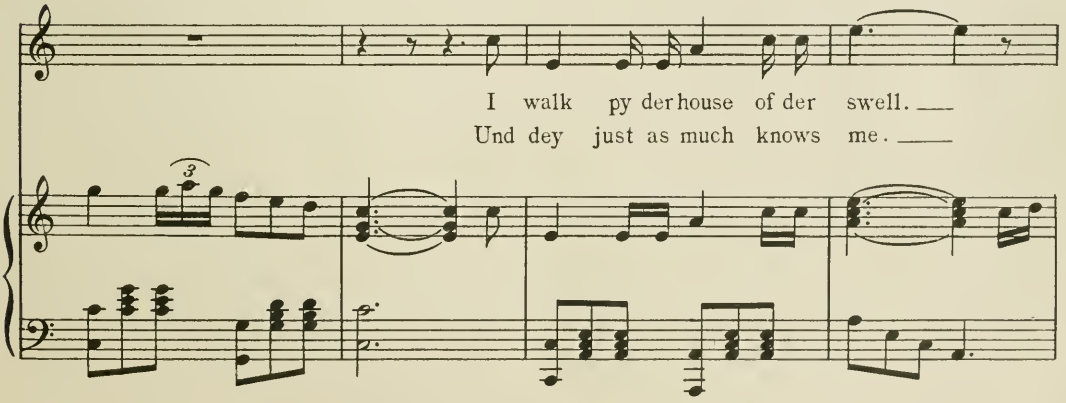
Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.

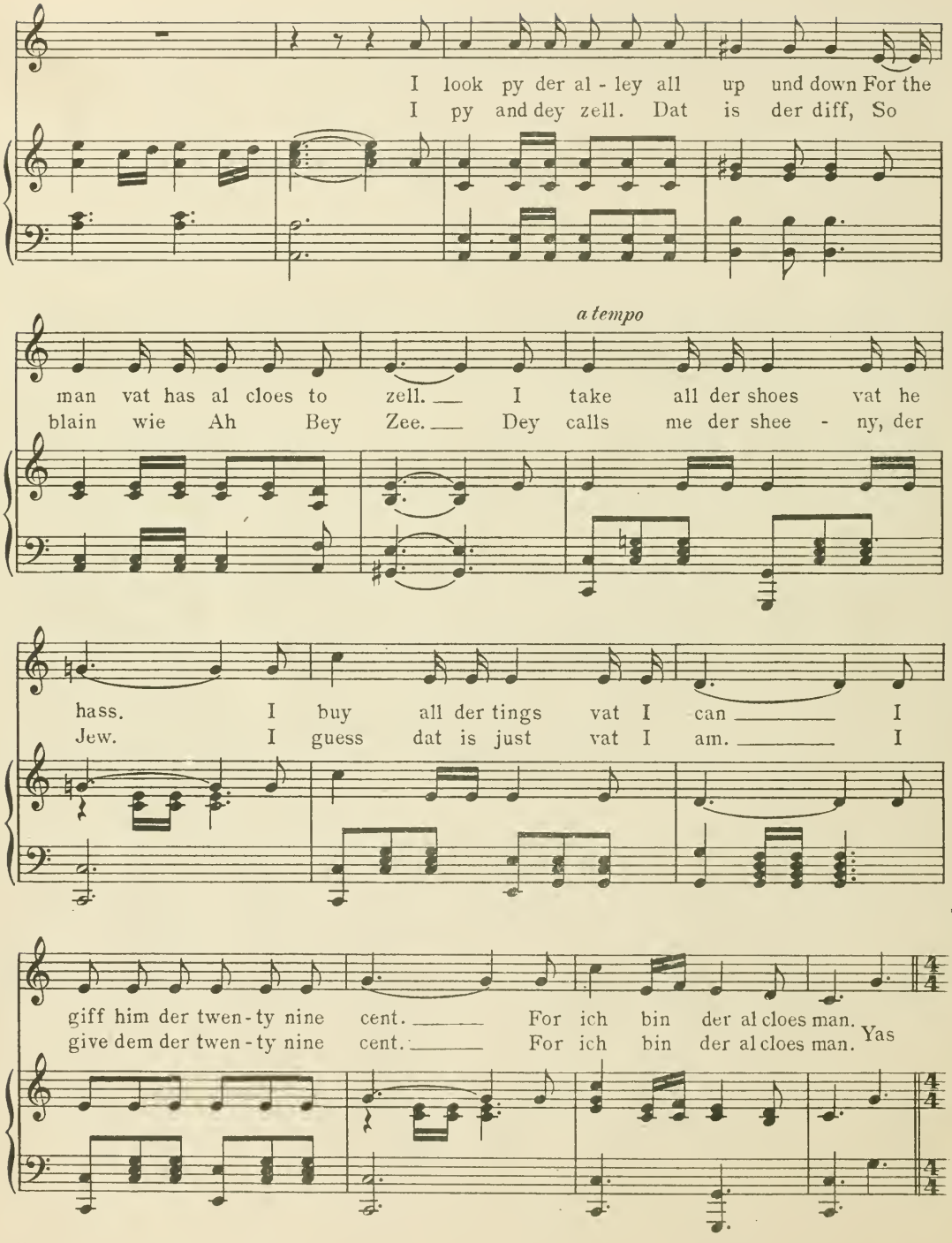
Allegretto.

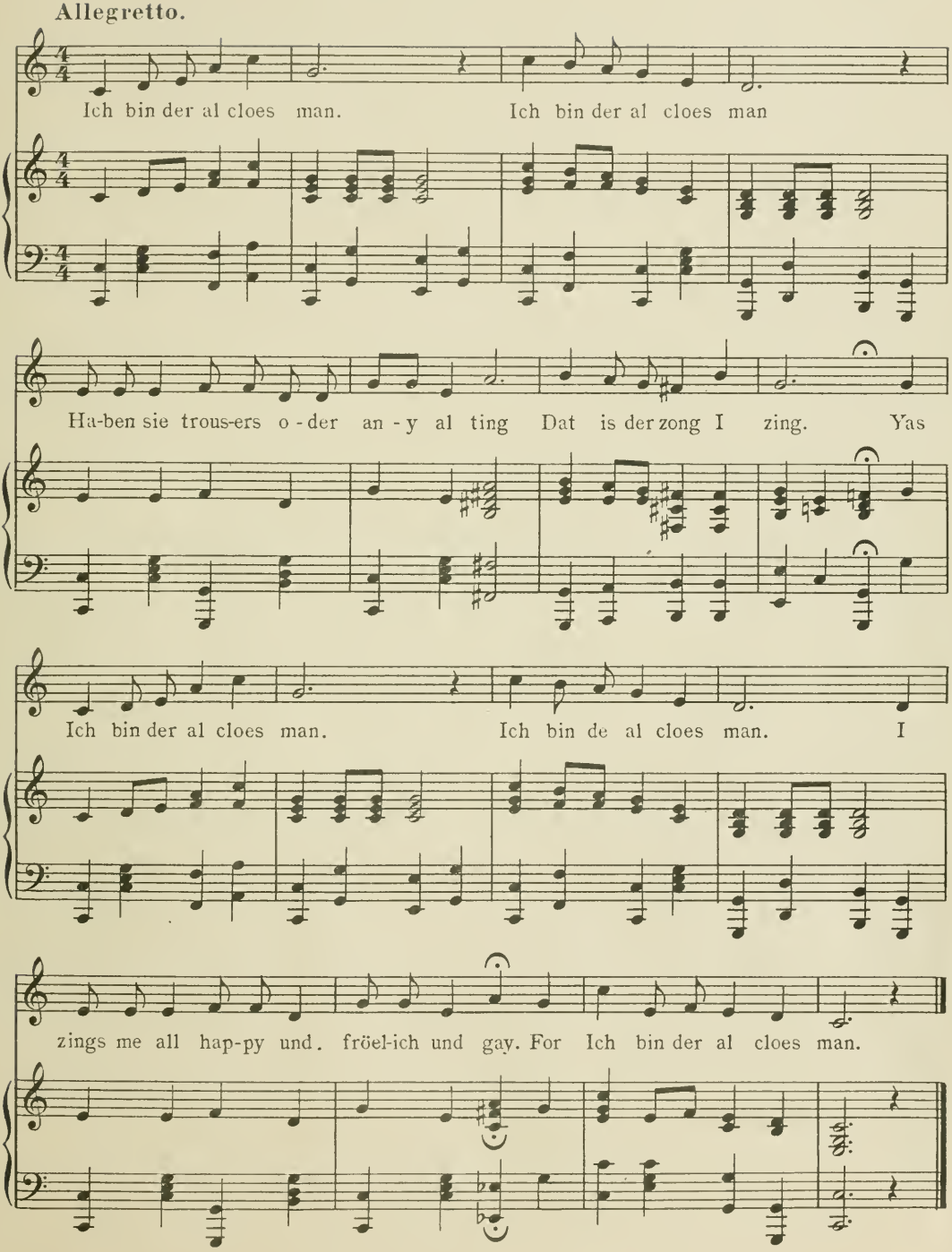


Moderato.





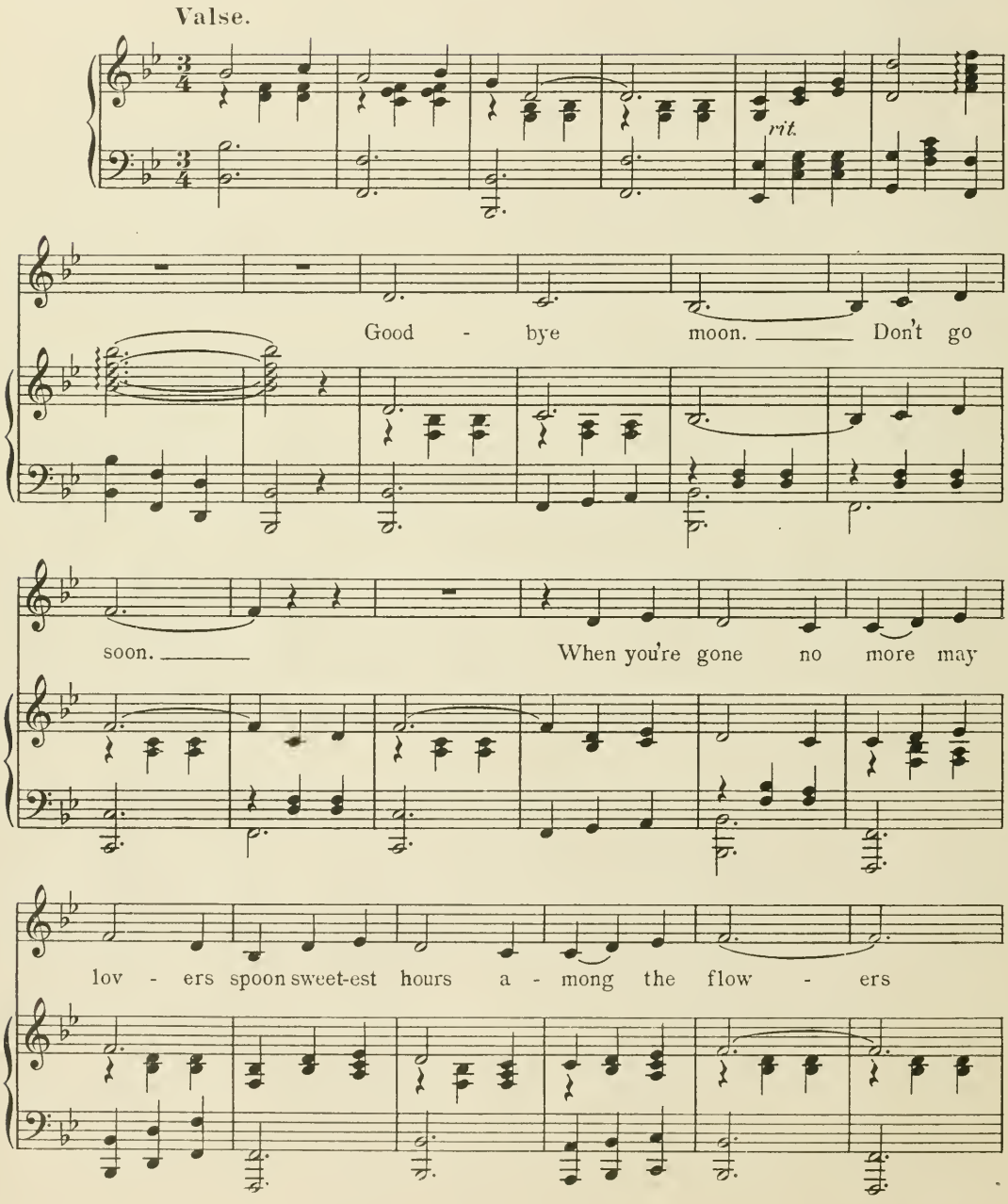

I look py der al - ley all up und down For the
I py and dey zell. Dat is der diff, So
a tempo
man vat has al cloes to zell. I take all der shoes vat he
blain wie Ah Bey Zee. Dey calls me der shee - ny, der
hass. I buy all der tings vat I can I
Jew. I guess dat is just vat I am. I
giff him der twen - ty nine cent. For ich bin der al cloes man.
give dem der twen - ty nine cent. For ich bin der al cloes man. Yas

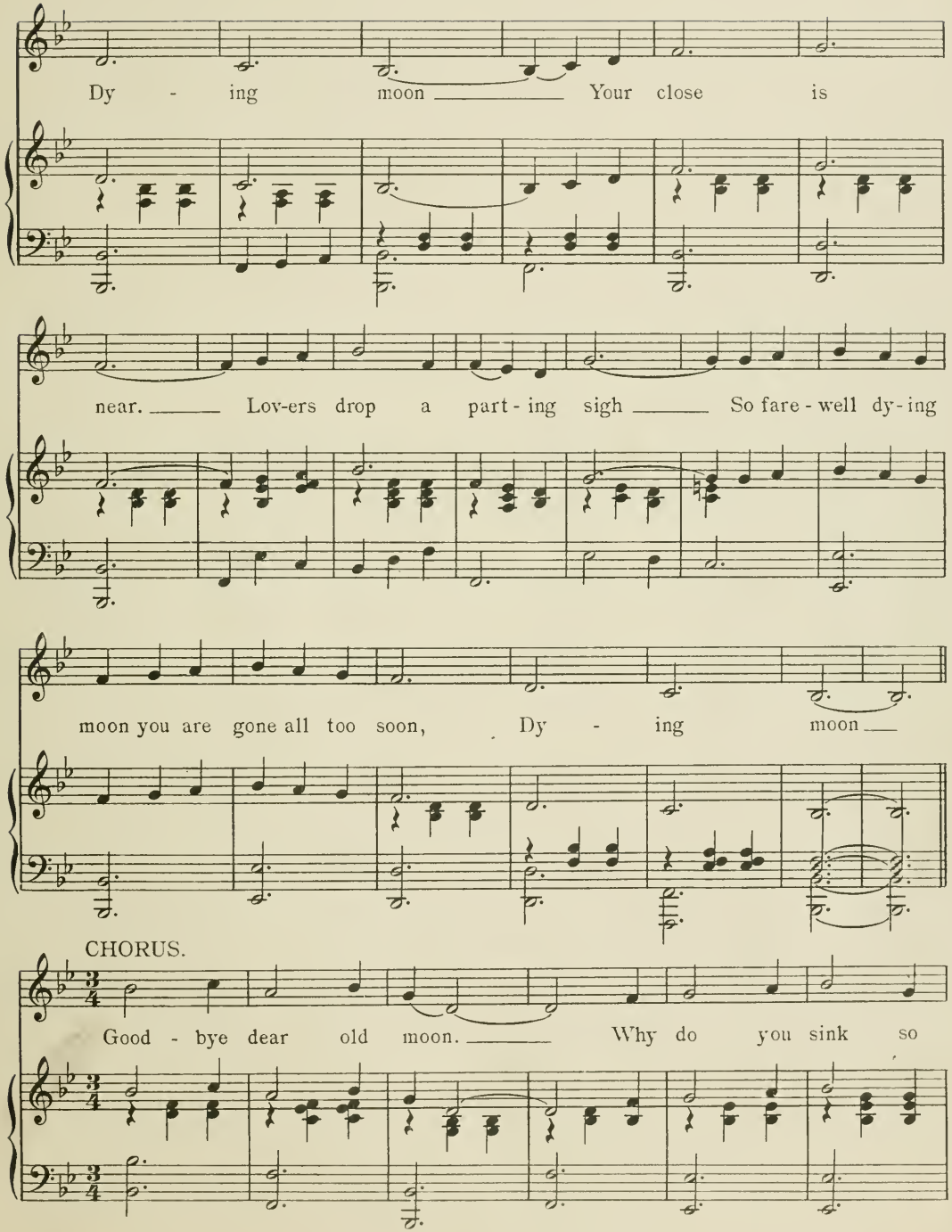

Allegretto.
Ich bin der al cloes man. Ich bin der al cloes man
Ha-ben sie trous-ers o-der an-y al ting Dat is der zong I zing. Yas
Ich bin der al cloes man. Ich bin de al cloes man. I
zings me all hap-py und. fröel-ich und gay. For Ich bin der al cloes man.

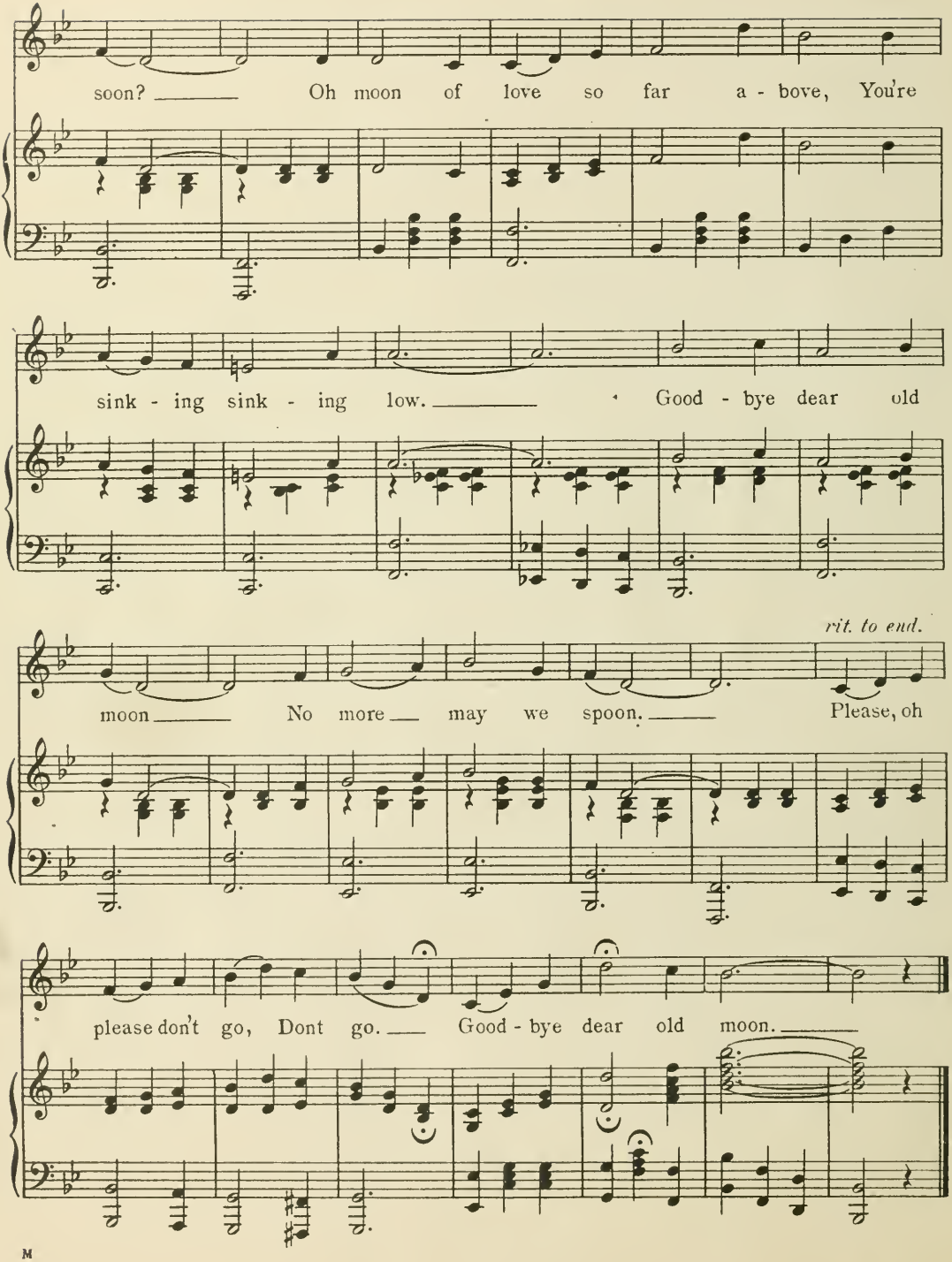
Good Bye Dear Old Moon

Lyric by
GEORGE MORRIS.

Music by
PAUL J. MORRIS.




Dy - ing moon Your close is
near. Lov-ers drop a part - ing sigh So fare - well dy - ing
moon you are gone all too soon, Dy - ing moon
CHORUS.
Good - bye dear old moon. Why do you sink so


soon? Oh moon of love so far a - bove, You're
sink - ing sink - ing low. Good - bye dear old
rit. to end.
moon No more may we spoon. Please, oh
please don't go, Dont go. Good - bye dear old moon.